The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1927 NUMBER 667

Contents

The Week 81

Editorials

The British Government and World Peace 85
Progressive Union Strategy 86
Farewell to the Flivver 88

General Articles

Tools of Mussolini in America ... Ray T. Tucker 89
Profits and Depressions ... George Soule 91
Lovers (verse) ... David Morton 93
The Counter-Current ... Samuel Grafton 94
The American National Flower ... Clarence Day 96
A New York Diary 96
A Terrible Thing ... Stark Young 98

Correspondence 100

Reviews of Books

A Museum of Victorian Manners ... Robert Morss Lovett 101
Wanted—a New Religion ... Augusta Alpert 102
Adventures in Prehistory ... Melville J. Herskovits 104
"In Time of Flight" ... Dorothy Bacon Woolsey 104
Preludes ... P. L. 104
A Family Affair ... William Troy 105
The Reaction to Missions in China .. W. I. Thomas 105
The Story of a Mystic Trumpeter ... Edith Franklin Wyatt 105

The Week

THE League Assembly has opened its session in an atmosphere of unusual gloom. It has to face the failure of two successive conferences on limitation of armament, both held at Geneva, and one directly under League auspices. But there are also other items in the recital of woe. The Germans have been badly rebuffed in their efforts to get the Allied troops out of the Rhineland. They are at present in a mood to give lip service to the League, but nothing more. The tension between Great Britain and Russia continues, and involves questions which are avowedly too big for the League to handle. There is still bad blood between France and Italy over the Balkans, a part of the world in which Mussolini has won a whole string of diplomatic victories, mostly at the expense of the French. Confronted by such melancholy European realities, the steersmen for the organization have turned their gaze toward South America. A meeting might be held on that continent, it is suggested; the League might even try to settle the Tacna-Arica question. This bright dream will, of course, dissolve as soon as Great Britain and France are consulted; for their diplomats know well that no event could more displease the United States than action which could be interpreted as violating the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine. The League cannot look to America for ways and means to bolster its prestige. Nothing could be more useless than such an appeal as M. André Tardieu has just made for the United States to "rescue" what he regards as a moribund institution.

THE State Department announces that it has disapproved the sale of 150,000 military rifles to agents of the Russian Soviet government. The official trading organization of that government, the Amtorg, replies through the chief of its New York office that it has not sought rifles, and that the negotiations must have been conducted either on behalf of "its enemies" or irresponsible speculators. Taking the denial at its face value, the incident remains an interesting one. The State Department admittedly has no legal power to halt such shipments. Under the law, embargoes may be placed against American countries or those where we maintain extra-territorial rights, and, even in the latter, only if "disturbed conditions" exist. The State Department in this case is merely exerting extra-legal "moral pressure," as it has done in halting private loans to countries which have not arranged to settle their debts, and in preventing some other loans which it deemed "undesirable." This moral pressure has thus far proved irresistible: there is no recorded case where it has been flouted. But we may as well recognize frankly that the State Department is now habitually making decisions which create policies of the greatest importance, is doing so without legal authority, and in some cases without letting the public know anything about what is happening until it is all over.

IT is difficult to understand why Senator Borah should have objected to the new French refunding loan in this country. If the French government were adding to its existing foreign obligations, one could well criticize it for borrowing more money

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Americans at 6 percent, when it refuses to repay money already due to the American government at a very much lower rate of interest. But all it is doing is to borrow at 6 percent in order to repay a loan which carries 8 percent. Thus its capital obligations are not increased, and its annual interest burden is greatly reduced. Such operations surely increase the ability to pay prior debts. If Senator Borah's point is that the private holders of the 8 percent loan are being paid off, while the American government and taxpayers are being left in uncertainty, he should remember that it would be financially impossible for the French government to float a private loan in order to refund the debt to this nation. The reason is that it could not offer as low a rate of interest to new lenders as that which it is bound to pay to this government; any such loan would therefore markedly increase its annual interest charges, and would lead it closer to, instead of further from, bankruptcy. Or does Senator Borah assume that, in order to pay its war debt to this government, France should default on its private obligations? Surely that would be cutting off our noses to spite our faces, and would ruin French credit for good and all.

JUST as in June we disapproved the action of the Treasury Department in refunding Liberty bonds which were coming due by a new issue of long-term securities, so now we are glad to record our approval of its offer to refund the Second Liberty 4¼ percent bonds, to be redeemed on November 15, by 3½ percent Treasury notes, redeemable in three or five years, at the government's option. There is a steady demand for government bonds for investment purposes; they have been appreciating ever since the War and are pretty sure to appreciate further. That will make it possible for the government to borrow money in the future at a lower interest than it can now offer. Thus it is better to refund, when bonds fall due, with short-term obligations, so that advantage may be taken of changes in the money market within a reasonably brief period, rather than tying up the Treasury for a long time to a rate of interest which is likely to be higher than the market rate before many years have passed. Fortunately, the issue of bonds offered in June came into a market already temporarily glutted with securities, and thus only $245,000,000 of the desired $1,500,000,000 were exchanged. Large amounts were thus saved to future Secretaries of the Treasury. It is well that the Treasury, instead of offering bonds at a higher rate this time, has returned to the practice of refunding with short-term notes.

BRITISH and other observers report that there is great dissatisfaction in Italy as a result of the industrial depression accompanying the deflationary process which has given the lira a higher value in foreign exchange. There is no doubt that this process has helped the Italian effort to return to the gold standard. But it has also resulted in a marked increase in unemployment, in a reduction of 10 percent in wages without a corresponding fall in the cost of living, and in a decline of farming and other incomes. The effort of the Italian government to reduce foreign borrowings and render Italy more nearly self-sustaining has, it is true, checked the increasing burden of an adverse trade balance. But the policy of buying everything possible at home, regardless of price, has checked exports as well as imports, and probably contributes to the high cost of living. In spite of the improved situation of the Treasury, the question remains whether the Italian nation is able or willing to pay the cost of being self-sustaining economically. With us, protection is a luxury which—with the possible exception of the farmers—we are able to bear. But Italy is relatively a poor nation which perhaps cannot even achieve solvency except in a free-trade world. In so far as Fascism has linked its fate with economic nationalism, its future is dubious.

SECRETARY Hoover has again returned to the region devastated by the Mississippi flood; and what he is finding there is well summarized in a despatch to the New York Times from Greenville, Miss. Mr. Hoover is discovering, this report says,

> perhaps one-half of the vast area that went under water bankrupt, with no crops worth the name; more than 60,000 people still depending on the Red Cross for food and clothing; many thousands more than that eking out a miserable existence, just living in hand-to-mouth fashion; something like 50,000 of the poorest of the sufferers victims of the dread pellagra; taxes unpaid, and the financing of the little farmers who, if they are to continue on the land, must have money, assuming the proportions of a problem of the first magnitude.

This news is bad enough; but what came from Rapid City in the closing days of President Coolidge's visit there, makes it worse. The President persists, as is well known, in refusing to advance the date of the meeting of Congress in order to relieve these sufferers. He may call the Senate a little ahead of time, but not the House, which initiates all appropriation measures. Not only that, but he lets it be known that he hopes nothing "reckless" will be done in the way of appropriations for the flood sufferers, since such action might imperil tax reduction. Mr. Coolidge did not add, as he might have done, that tax reduction is all-important because 1928 is election year, and the Republicans must make a good showing. All that is lacking from this recital is the comment that the flood victims are all Democrats anyhow, and there's no political advantage to be gained by keeping them from starvation. That would make the story complete.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BITTER criticism of Justice Brandeis for refusing to act in the Sacco-Vanzetti case has been heard from many of the friends of the condemned. It is said that he should have laid aside the scruples arising from the fact that he had intimate personal relations with some of those interested in the defense, that, in a case of this significance, legal niceties were of less importance than anything which might have helped to avert the tragedy of the execution. Nobody can deny that possibly Sacco and Vanzetti had to suffer because Justice Brandeis possessed the same kind of scruple which Judge Thayer should have had, and did not, when he insisted on passing on the question of his own prejudice. But what gave the case its significance? Was it not that the operation of the judicial process in Massachusetts allowed Judge Thayer's lack of scruple—and a similar lack in others—to prevail? Would it not be more to the point for those who are shocked and outraged by the conduct of the case in Massachusetts to insist that no judge, whatever he may consider the importance of a cause, should sit in a case where his own prejudice may be involved, and to cite Justice Brandeis' action as a strengthening of this principle?

NEW York City, which has the worst slums in the United States, is making an intelligent effort to ameliorate conditions in them. A bill has been passed, subject to the approval of the voters in November, authorizing the city to condemn and buy land, and lease it for long periods at moderate rates to limited-dividend corporations. These in turn will undertake to build "model tenements" to be occupied at low rentals by the persons who are now living under the undesirable conditions testified to by one expert witness, one official report, after another. Mayor Walker and those associated with him deserve high credit for this plan, which is in accord with successful experience in Great Britain, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria, and other countries.

NATURALLY, the proposal is being fought with ferocity by the real estate interests which have for many years consistently opposed every effort to better the lot of the unhappy New York tenant, particularly during the last decade, when overcrowding has been at its worst. At a public hearing on the subject, representatives of these gentlemen announced that similar experiments abroad have all failed—a statement which even the casual traveler in any of the countries named knows to be false. Edward P. Doyle of the Real Estate Board of New York dragged out the oldest and cruelest falsehood on this subject when he said, referring to the present housing of the poor:

> If these buildings are "slums" it is the fault of the tenants and such tenants would make slums out of Mr. Heckscher's [proposed model tenement] buildings or out of the Park Lane or the Ritz.

This is the old "coal in the bathtub" story, used as an excuse for the maintenance of bad conditions for forty years. It is disputed by everyone who really knows anything about the living conditions of the poor. But even if it were true, it should carry precisely the opposite moral to that intended by the amiable Mr. Doyle. If conditions in the slums are insanitary, is that any reason for keeping them as much so as possible? Does Mr. Doyle want the menace of epidemics perpetuated? Would it not be better to offset the tendencies he describes (assuming that they exist) by sanitary plumbing, clean halls, safeguards against fire hazards, large rooms, fresh air and sunlight?

IT IS unfortunate for those who are trying to maintain respect for American courts that the release of Warren T. McCray from prison should have come just at this moment. McCray, former Governor of Indiana, was impeached while in the gubernatorial chair, on charges that he had participated in swindling operations which took the savings of many persons in modest circumstances. He was found guilty and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. Parole is possible only after one-third of the sentence has been served; that condition was met a week or two ago; and McCray was at once released. He has powerful and wealthy friends; he enjoyed the intercession of Senator Jim Watson and others equally important. The New Republic holds no brief for harsh sentences for anyone, even a wealthy swindler; but it is impossible not to contrast the easy punishment endured by McCray, admittedly guilty of using his prestige to facilitate the workings of a get-rich-quick game, with the operations of the law in other cases—in Massachusetts, for instance.

IN view of the enormous profits which are still being made by some of the large industrial corporations, this can hardly be called a period of "profitless prosperity." Nevertheless, it is true that profits on the average are shrinking somewhat below previous records, and this fact should be taken into account when it is proposed further to reduce income tax rates. Out of a total of 168 leading companies whose reports for the second quarter of 1927 have been tabulated by the National City Bank, 90, or 54 percent, show smaller earnings than for the same quarter of 1926. The total of all their earnings is slightly smaller than a year ago. If General Motors, whose rapid rise has taken place at the expense of other companies in the same group, be excluded, the decrease is 14 percent. It is probable that many of the smaller companies, and those which do not issue quarterly reports, have suffered still more. This means that, without any reduction in the rate of the corporation income tax, the yield for this year will probably be reduced; and, in so far as dividends may be affected, the yield of personal income taxes for 1928 will be lowered. The re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

maining quarters may cancel the profit reductions suffered so far, to be sure, but on the other hand, it may increase them. Congress should inspect the figures for the year carefully before it acts on tax proposals.

PROSPEROUS American labor, surfeited with bungalows, Chevrolets and radios, has no complaint to make and is almost too rich for its own good. At least so runs the legend. Yet we are informed by the United States Department of Labor that the average earnings of unskilled railroad workers in 1926, allowing no lost time for unemployment, sickness, accident or other causes, were $17.00 a week. Since the unskilled are peculiarly subject to layoffs, cutting this amount by one-fourth would make a conservative allowance for lost time. How many luxuries, outside of food and clothing, can even a single man buy on $12.75 a week? And suppose he has a family? There are about 200,000 unskilled workers on the railroads, and of course much the same rates of pay tend to prevail, for the unskilled, in all industries. The Labor Department finds that the full-time weekly rates, not allowing for unemployment, etc., range between $10 and $25 in lumber, coal, foundries and automobiles. Anyone who has saved and invested, or who has received a legacy or a life-insurance benefit, of $15,000, receives from that source alone as large an income as hundreds of thousands of laborers in the United States are paid for their work. Remember that, the next time somebody mentions high wages.

ONE of the vicious aftermaths of the Sacco-Vanzetti tragedy is the revival of the movement for a federal law providing for the finger-printing and registration of all foreign-born workers. It is proposed that these workers be compelled to pay a fee and renew their identification cards every year, and to register with the authorities whenever they move about the country. This suggestion first came to our attention when it was made, during the steel strike of 1919, by the Homestead, Pa., Chamber of Commerce. Its only clear advantage would be to anti-union employers of badly treated immigrant workers, who wish to keep them in subjection by the blacklist and the fear of unemployment or petty persecution. Only by regarding all foreign-born workers as potential criminals could it be justified. It savors of the methods of reactionary and tyrannical governments afraid of a hostile working class, and would retard the process of true Americanization. We regret to state that Congressman Albert Johnson, Chairman of the Immigration and Naturalization Committee of the House, who used the agitation against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti as an occasion for stirring up prejudice against foreign-born labor, favors the measure.

A recent advertisement in the financial pages of a New York newspaper gives an interesting back view of what the retail consumer pays for high-pressure salesmanship. The advertisement, offering the common stock of an aluminum cooking utensil company, states that, on an original investment of $25,000, a net worth of over $1,000,000 has been built out of earnings within four years, and a cash dividend of $100,000 has been paid. This is a growth in the investment amounting to nearly 4,000 percent, and a dividend of 400 percent—in four years. How was this immense profit garnered from the consumers? "The company's unique merchandising methods have made possible its phenomenal growth. . . . By means of demonstration luncheons in private homes, the company's products have been introduced by its representatives. . . ." Thus the consumers paid, not only for the gigantic profit, but for the costly demonstrations and representatives in house-to-house canvassing. What a terrific economic waste, for a dubious benefit! How much of this selling cost and this profit do you suppose was really relevant to the utility of aluminum cooking utensils, and to their actual superiority?

THE Federal Oil Conservation Board has issued a statement which, as an unconscious revelation of the North American attitude, is priceless. "The fields of Mexico and South America," it says, "are of large yield and much promising geological oil structure is yet undrilled. That our companies should vigorously acquire and explore such fields is of first importance, not only as a source of future supply, but a supply *under our own citizens*." (Italics ours.) This incitement to imperialism is bitterly resented in Latin-American countries. An explanation issued later, containing a reference to the needs of the nations involved, has not helped matters. The nations involved think of their oil deposits as among the natural resources to be developed primarily for the benefit of their own people. Inability to comprehend this point of view on the part of Kellogg, Olds, and Sheffield has brought us within sight of war with Mexico, and will surely incur the enmity of Venezuela, Colombia, and every other country under the Monroe Doctrine.

THE recent conference on population questions, which met at Geneva, produced the usual variety of "patriotic" scientist who considers this matter, first, from the point of view of military strategy and secondly, if at all, from that of common sense. Thus Dr. Alfred Grotjahn, Professor of Social Hygiene at the University of Berlin, announced with gloom that the German birth rate is now practically stationary. In the cities, he said, there are already more deaths than babies. Only the fertility of the provinces serves to keep the balance level, and this is only temporary: "Sooner or later," he laments, "the drop in birth rate will affect the whole German population. With the example of the decreased birth rate in France before

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us, we must beware and, despite the tremendous burdens the War has laid upon us, make possible to every married couple by means of economic insurance of parenthood that they shall fulfill their reproductive duties." Why must Germany "beware"? Why is the low French birth rate a warning? Because the French for years have complained that their failure to grow as rapidly as Germany tended to put them at a military disadvantage. In other words, babies are looked upon strictly as cannon-fodder. There is no other reason than the military one for arguing that a rapidly growing population is any better than one which grows slowly, or not at all. An optimum population, common sense would say, is that which provides the greatest degree of happiness for its members. That is much less likely to occur with rapid growth.

The British Government and World Peace

THE Baldwin government has undergone several disagreeable experiences lately. Viscount Cecil's letter of resignation, despite its polite phraseology, made quite clear the author's feeling that the attitude of the Conservatives in international affairs is a menace to peace. At the meeting of the League Assembly which began this week, British policy was under more severe fire than at any time since the Geneva organization came into existence. The French, and the representatives of the small nations which are under their influence, came to the meeting in a mood acutely critical of British action in the three-power naval conference and in the League's preliminary meeting on limitation of armament. The failure of both these gatherings, according to the Geneva critics, may be laid at the door of the English. Additional unfavorable comment has been caused by the action of the Baldwin government in urging that the next meeting of the League arms conference, scheduled to take place this autumn, should be postponed into the indefinitely distant future.

While these criticisms are being uttered, talk is again being heard in Great Britain of a Liberal-Labor coalition. Mr. H. G. Wells, in a recent syndicated article, pointed out the desirability of at least a temporary working agreement.

> The elemental necessity [he said] before that moiety of the English people which forms the nucleus of the British Empire, if it is to go on playing its proper part in the shaping of human destiny, is to get rid of Mr. Baldwin's government and all its works as speedily as possible. . . . Either a Liberal or a Labor government would release educational progress, check armament, relieve the world from the fear of adventures against Russia and China, sustained more or less furtively by Britain, break the ugly association with Mussolini, show a living regard for free speech and private freedom, and reassure the forces of peace and civilization in France, Germany, Poland and Hungary.
>
> What is needed is the organization of a block of voters who will vote primarily against the government and only secondarily for either Liberal or Labor. The sensible thing seems to be to vote in each constituency for whichever of these two political parties secured the largest vote against the Conservatives at the preceding contest, irrespective of their bletherings against each other.

This suggestion receives the support of so influential a Liberal organ as the Manchester Guardian. "Anybody," it says, who has studied the reforms

> that are discussed by Liberals and Labor men must see that if, after the next election, the country is cheated of all reform because the two parties cannot work together, the whole cause of reform will fall into hopeless discredit. And not the cause of domestic reform alone. In the last two or three years, a subtle and sinister change has come over the atmosphere of foreign politics. We shall not only have to choose, after the next election, between a government of reform and a government of no reform: we shall have to choose between a government that is in earnest about the League of Nations and a government that is lukewarm. On that choice may well depend the peace of the world.

That there is force to these indictments of the British government no thoughtful student of world affairs can deny. The advent of the Baldwin regime was followed by a marked drop in the international temperature, nor was it merely such a change as might be expected when level-headed realists succeed a group which is under something of an indictment for sentimental idealism. As the Guardian says, the Baldwin government is more responsible than anyone else for the changed atmosphere of the League of Nations, an atmosphere which caused André Tardieu to declare a few days ago that the League is so ill that only America can save it. Chamberlain and Churchill have succeeded in persuading Russia that they are planning a war upon the Soviet Union. The charge may be wholly unjust, but the results have been about as bad as though it were true; and, of course, competent diplomats do not permit their innocent actions to be so misunderstood. The Baldwin government has behaved fairly well in China, of late, but with a bad grace and seemingly only because it could not help itself. The understanding with Mussolini must be as unsavory to many Englishmen as it is dangerous to the peace of the Balkans—and therefore, of Europe. That the naval conference at Geneva should have resulted in a dangerous and unnecessary strain on Anglo-American relations is partly the fault of the United States; but the Baldwin government, with its unadmitted plan, not merely for defensive armament but for mastery of the seas in order to blockade an enemy, must bear much of the responsibility for the failure.

That the peace of the world would be vastly bet-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter insured with another government in power, may be conceded. Is there any practical hope that Mr. Wells' suggestion will become a reality? It is difficult to see much ground for optimism in the British situation today.

The Liberal party has recently gone through an elaborate ritual of rejuvenation; but it remains no more than a fragment. It has lost from its right wing to the Tories, from its left to Labor, until all it has remaining is a handful of those who are irreconcilably opposed, as it were, to irreconcilability. It has a fine group of generals, but they lack an army. Labor, on the other hand, has the army, but is sadly lacking in generals. Most of its few leaders today are either men so inured to the practice of political opportunism that they have lost the confidence of the rank and file, or such radical diehards that it is impossible for anyone, not of exactly the same mind, to work or live with them. The position of the Labor moderates is made more difficult by several special circumstances. The trade union treasuries were emptied by the general strike. Russia, if she has not behaved so badly as the Conservatives pretend, has at least kept her friends in a state of incessant apology. Finally, the Labor forces in Parliament, confronted with the venomous Trade Disputes bill while Ramsay MacDonald was ill in a Philadelphia hospital, bungled their fight in a way which probably lost them much prestige with the independent voter.

It is obvious that the Baldwin government cannot last forever; and when it falls, it must have a successor. Admitting that its fall could be hastened by such Liberal-Labor sniping in the bye-elections as Mr. Wells suggests, what reason is there to suppose that this would result in a coalition government, or a Labor regime moderated and sweetened through contact with the masterly reasonableness of the Liberals? Such an outcome is possible; but it is not probable. For one thing, Labor has learned its lesson, and is not likely again to assume the responsibility of government without a clear and solid majority of its own in the House. For another, let a general election come in a period of great excitement and strain—and that is nowadays the normal atmosphere of general elections—and we should again see the country driven into two armed camps of extremists, with no room left for middle-of-the-road liberalism, under whatever title. Another incident like the forged Zinoviev letter, and England would find itself again with only two important political groups, both of them as far as possible from moderation.

While prophecy is as dangerous in this field as in any other, it seems certain that the hope for the future in Great Britain lies, not in any painfully artificial coalition between Liberalism and Labor, but in strengthening the ranks of Labor itself, training the leaders whom it so conspicuously lacks, educating the extremists out of their wild impossibilism. A wise policy would look forward to taking over the government again only when Labor is ready, and not merely when the Conservatives are (temporarily) ready to let go. It is a source of keen regret that meanwhile the peace of the world is endangered by such chauvinism as we have recently been witnessing on the part of the Baldwin government; but, in the long run, there is no other solid and lasting solution of the dilemma.

Progressive Union Strategy

IN A country like ours, where industry is partly non-union, the question often arises whether the unions can manage to grow. There is a dogmatic answer to this question, based on an over-simplified, a-b-c kind of economics, that they cannot grow unless there is a labor shortage. Unions, where they exist, raise wages and shorten hours. This increases labor cost. The non-union plants, therefore, have lower costs, can compete successfully in the markets, and encroach upon the business of the union concerns—a result which tends to destroy the unions themselves. Nobody can deny that there is a large measure of truth in this theory. It appears to have been working for the past few years in the soft coal industry, where the union production has shrunk from 60 percent to less than 40 percent of the total. Many believe that it is working in the cotton textile industry; that lower labor costs are attracting Northern mills to the South. Yet it could hardly work universally, or there would be no unions at all. In spite of everything, the labor movement does grow, from generation to generation.

How much headway can be made against adverse conditions depends to a large degree upon the policy of the union itself. For that reason a series of articles on strategy recently printed in Advance, the organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, by President Sidney Hillman, is of peculiar interest. In spite of the fact that there has been labor surplus in the clothing industry ever since 1920, the union has kept on gaining ground. It lost in membership, of course, during the deflation, but its relative control of the industry has not decreased. According to the biennial figures of the Census of Manufactures, the seven cities in which the Amalgamated has agreements were making as large a proportion of the clothing total in 1925 as they did before the union had established itself, in 1914. In the slack times which the industry has undergone during the past two or three years, the non-union part has suffered more than the union. Among the bankruptcies and discontinued businesses will be found the Daniel Boone Woolen Mills, which left Chicago to run an open shop at Rock Island and failed for over $2,500,000, Ansorge Brothers, a non-union house which had existed sixty-six years, and other important firms

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which attempted to resist the union. How is this phenomenon to be explained?

"An active organization, alive to the problems confronting it," writes Mr. Hillman, "seeks to interfere with the operation of the so-called economic law, that cheapest labor competes successfully with higher paid labor." The first part of its policy is ceaseless organizing activity in the non-union field. Every ounce of energy and resources which the union can muster is thrown into this struggle. It is not content to rest on its oars for a moment. If a strike can be won, union territory is enlarged. If it is lost, the non-union manufacturer is nevertheless harassed, and his costs are increased. Being in constant fear of further trouble, he is forced to keep his wages and hours somewhere near the union standard. Thus the union is not discouraged from further efforts by the fact that previous strikes have not been won in the conventional sense, or that their cost has been heavy to the organization. "The union must be on the offensive in the enemy's territory if it wishes to protect its gains in the union territory. . . . An effective strike in the non-union field will, in many instances, obviate the necessity of a strike in the union field. We have considered it a matter of wisdom as well as expediency to battle, if possible, in the other fellow's land." This is a tried and true principle of unionism; but it is often forgotten by a too conservative or sluggish organization.

Such aggression, however, needs to be supplemented by positive assistance to the employers who are favorable to the union. "It is necessary not only to harass and to annoy our enemies, the open-shop employers, but it is also important that the union policy toward the employers who deal with our organization be such as not to drive them into the non-union field or force them into liquidation. . . . The union policy that places the union employer at a disadvantage in competition with the non-union employer and ultimately eliminates him from the field is destructive not merely of the employer. It is detrimental as well to the interest of the union itself. We must, therefore, find means whereby we may maintain our gains in the union field without endangering the survival of the union field in its competition with the non-union employer. The union is thus led to the need, from the union's own viewpoint, of coöperating with the union employers."

Coöperation of this type is anathema to the simple-minded left-wingers, who, because it seems to contradict the doctrine of a universal and omnipresent class struggle, damn it with the epithet "class collaboration." It is important to note, however, that the coöperation in question does not consist in relaxing union standards of wages, hours and conditions; it is directed towards a practical means of making these standards effective, and of raising them whenever opportunity offers. How can better labor standards be maintained in one part of an industry than in another? Only by rendering the more humane part of the industry more efficient also. This means, in the first place, the absence of unnecessary strikes and friction. It means thinking of the industry as a productive organism, and having regard to its problems. It means "demanding only those things which will be of real benefit to the membership and not make merely for waste of energy and destruction of values. In opposing demands of the employers for breaking down union standards, the union must have an open mind toward suggestions that will bring relief to the employer without endangering the interests of the union membership. The union cannot take the position of an outsider in relation to the industry; it must fight for a place in the councils of the industry, a place of power as well as responsibility. Having achieved that place, the union must proceed to utilize its new position."

The Amalgamated has made extraordinary strides in this direction. It has aimed to understand, not only the elements of labor cost and the means of increasing the efficiency of the manufacturing process without prejudicing labor standards, but the other important elements of cost—overhead expenses, selling and purchasing expenses. It has obtained expert knowledge in these fields, and has frequently been able to point out improvements in manufacturing business methods. By the introduction of proper employment procedure and of capably handled employment exchanges it has cut the waste of labor turnover. It had helped the manufacturers to meet the new market demand for a lower priced garment. In certain cases, the union has even extended financial advice and accommodation to employers facing a temporary crisis, and so has kept them in business. A rank and file and an officialdom convinced of its genuine interest in the prosperity of the business can often furnish an employer with information and counsel which he could not gain from any other source.

Single-track minds among both conservatives and radicals in the labor movement have much to learn from this record, far from complete as it still is. We see the United Mine Workers on the one hand, rapidly sliding down hill as a result of repeated strikes in the unionized portions of their industry, while the non-union parts have been little disturbed. Serious obstacles have, to be sure, obstructed the effort to extend the organization, but there is little doubt that the miners have been too inflexibly and stupidly led. On the other hand, we see other needle-trades organizations whose control of their industries has been seriously weakened as a result of a dogmatic radical belligerency against the employers who could most easily be harassed—those who already had agreements with the union—when the chief need was to render the type of shop in which the union could survive able to compete with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the rest of the industry. No enemies could say more bitter things of each other than the miners' leaders and the left-wingers, and yet their industrial policy has suffered from substantially the same fault. It is hopeful to look from such *débâcles* to other regions where real progress is being made. The influence of such progressive leaders as those of the Amalgamated, the railroad shop crafts, and others who have seen the same light, ought to increase in the labor movement.

Farewell to the Flivver

THE world pushes on, relentlessly discarding, in its dotage, instruments that once worked incalculably for its progress. In America the pace is swift. Men not yet old have but dim memories of things that helped them vanquish the frontier, and today lie discarded. These memories take an ever deepening tinge of romance as they fade. There was the pony express. How we look upon it now! Ah, they were men, those riders, and they lived in a golden age of romance. All the sordid side of the pony express—and there must have been one—has been forgotten.

America has just discarded as outworn another great aid in the everlasting thrust against frontiers—frontiers not alone of our own country but of the world. It is the Ford flivver, unlovely and almost ridiculous now, because it is so familiar. The days of the old Ford are ended. Production stopped some months ago, and, it is said, repair parts will be made only five more years. Soon after those five years, the Ford will join the covered wagon and the pony express and become a memory.

That memory will take on romance. To the pioneers, a covered wagon was just a wagon; a lumbering, rough-riding conveyance that was forever bogging down in sand, casting a tire or breaking an axle. Romantic? Hah! Just an eternal nuisance. But it helped build a nation. Epic books have made it their theme, now that its commonplace side has been forgotten, and it has been made the subject of at least one great motion picture.

The pony express and the covered wagon began where the railroads left off, serving because nothing else would go where they went and do it so quickly. In 1903 Henry Ford put his car on the market. It, too, went where nothing else would go so quickly. It pushed down great barriers. It brought utility and pleasure to millions. In nineteen years Henry Ford built fifteen million cars, as alike in their essential mechanism as peas in a pod. He built one of the greatest enterprises in the world. He fashioned a fortune so great it cannot be comprehended.

Little has come from Ford himself in these days of transition, when the old car, outclassed now, is being abandoned for the new. But from a word here and there, it is apparent that Henry Ford is not laying aside the old Model T without a pang of regret. It was completely his, from first to last. Perhaps he, better than anyone else, knows that with its passing goes irretrievably a part of America.

It is too soon to write the obituary of Model T. But it is getting on, and it will do no harm to have a few notes set in type. The model T, more, perhaps, than any other piece of machinery, had a personality. It was a friendly, familiar thing, and its surname—Ford—was rarely used. A Cadillac is a Cadillac, a Chevrolet a Chevrolet, a Buick a Buick and a Dodge a Dodge. But the Model T was a Henry, a Lizzie, a flivver. For convenience in pronunciation, a Cadillac may become a Cad and a Chevrolet a Chevvy, but the Model T alone had genuine nicknames.

This was partly because it insisted on being something different. The others had different pedals, transmissions, levers; they changed often in appearance, sometimes so much that the children could not be recognized as belonging to their parents. But the Model T remained its individual self, although toward the last it took on a measure of dignity. Its clothes became more stylish. The old rugged corners and the brass were discarded—but with them went some of the friendly familiarity that made everybody call the Model T by a nickname, and their passing marked the beginning of the end.

The deeds of the flivver drip with romance, and they are recorded wherever the white man has traveled. The flivver has clambered the mountain ranges of the world. On the thirsty Sahara and in the jungles of South Africa it has carried the white man and his civilization. Many a veteran of the A. E. F. remembers a thrilling story of some brave, battered little flivver which took him careening over battlefields on a mission of importance, its very motive power dependent upon a safety pin or piece of baling wire conscripted in an emergency. Some day these deeds will be told as they should.

It is safe to say that, no matter what automobile Henry Ford makes, it will never take the place of the old flivver. It may be the best car ever built for the money, and it undoubtedly will be a more luxurious car, in keeping with the new age of luxury. But it will not be a pioneer.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1927, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN GILBERT SELDES
ELINOR WYLIE LEO WOLMAN LEWIS MUMFORD

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tools of Mussolini in America

"MY order is that an Italian citizen must remain an Italian citizen, no matter in what land he lives, unto the seventh generation," declared Benito Mussolini in one of his many expansive moments. His amazing declaration seemed to attract little notice at the time, presumably because it was coupled with the bombastic demand that Italy produce a population of 65,000,000 and an army of 5,000,000 by 1935 or shortly thereafter.

Certainly, few Americans saw any cause for concern in the bizarre conception of citizenship enunciated by the Italian Dictator. Officialdom sent no notes and there was no cabinet crisis. In fact, despite Secretary Kellogg's detailed knowledge of the tortuous trails of Bolshevism in Mexico, he exhibits entire ignorance of Mussolini's order and the methods by which Fascismo's representatives are striving to carry out the decree within the borders of the United States. Thereby, Mr. Kellogg epitomizes the attitude of our business, industrial and political leaders toward the two movements which have made their appearance on the Continent since the World War—Bolshevism and Fascism. Whereas they outlaw and abhor the Russian product, they take the Italian by-product to their hearts.

Yet there is abundant proof that the Dictator's imperial theory animates the Fascist movement in the United States. Every activity sponsored by the Fascist League of North America, Inc., every utterance of its leaders, every edition of its official organs, every flaming speech in exaltation of Il Duce, every message of homage to him from the League's conventions, the oath taken by members of the Fascist units in our cities—all reveal that the movement's chief purpose is to establish overseas colonies of Italians who shall pay greater fealty to the Italy of Mussolini and Fascism than to their adopted land.

Nor is the movement a spontaneous thing, reflecting the Italian-Americans' interest in Mussolini's experiment upon their homeland. It is an integral part of his foreign policy, designed to help maintain his supremacy at home by stifling criticism and opposition abroad. It is in the charge of men appointed and directed by Il Duce just as if the United States were an Italian protectorate. The president of the League is Count Ignazio Thaon di Revel, member of an old Italian family, who owes his appointment to Mussolini. He is not an American citizen and does not intend to become one. Around him he has gathered many prominent Italians and Italian-Americans, some of whom remain unnaturalized despite years of residence in this country. They comprise the so-called Fascist hierarchy in the United States.

The Italian government's official representatives in this country, including Ambassador Giacomo di Martino and the consular agents, have acted as spokesmen and promoters of the movement. Their glowing addresses urging suppression of Fascismo's enemies abroad have frequently fired youthful black shirts to excesses of zeal which have had to be checked by the police. In a recent address before an audience which numbered many naturalized Italians, Ambassador di Martino exhorted them to wage a militant campaign against Mussolini's foes and "the lying propaganda so damaging to Italy." In some cities these official emissaries, apparently without attracting the attention of the State Department, have openly encouraged the attempt to dominate the lives and allegiance of our Italian population.

In carrying out the Dictator's decree the Fascisti have followed a very definite program. Their method has been to seek control of every agency, organization and group through which the 4,000,000 Italians in this country have sought to express themselves. With surprising success they have striven for domination of clubs, fraternal lodges, business men's groups, chambers of commerce, university societies, labor unions and neighborhood associations. They have forced influential Italian journals to change from opposition to support of Fascism, and they have bitterly attacked and boycotted anti-Fascist newspapers. They have attracted many recruits among the Italian employers' class, whose business operations come into contact with Mussolini's close-ordered government at so many points that they dare not brook the Dictator's ill will. Naturally, pressure exerted downward by this group has reduced the humble Italian laborer and tradesman to such an abject state that he dare not call his soul or his job his own. Many a "help wanted" advertisement in Italian newspapers carries the admonition that "none but Fascists need apply."

In addition to these channels of penetration, the Fascist League has organized its own black-shirted militia for use as a voluntary and violent adjunct to our courts and police establishments. It has also founded its own newspapers and magazines, formed employment societies and started schools for dissemination of Mussolini's theory of the absolute State, with its corollary that "democracy is a relic of the Middle Ages."

Where this comprehensive program has encountered opposition, the Fascisti have not hesitated to resort to terrorism and violence. The black shirts of America have taken lessons from the black shirts of Italy; they carry the same ugly looking black whips and wear the same sinister insignia of skull

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and bones on breast and fez. These groups often precipitate a disturbance when they sally forth in their garb of war. In fact, the mere existence of the movement is an incitement to violence, for the extreme anti-Fascisti show no greater moderation than their foes, and a demonstration by one faction usually provokes an attack by the other.

The conflict has transformed each Italian colony into a house divided against itself. It has created strife within the ranks of every Italian fraternal association, embittered old friends and caused schisms within families. It has handicapped Americanization and naturalization work. Settlement houses report a great falling-off in attendance at Americanization classes since Mussolini's disciples began to preach his gospel of "once an Italian citizen, always an Italian citizen."

Your Fascist will indignantly deny that un-American motives animate the movement. He will recite the articles of incorporation setting forth that the League was founded to aid in the process of Americanization and, as an auxiliary arm of our courts and police departments, to stamp out Bolshevism among our Italian population. But in the light of these pretensions, it is interesting to examine certain utterances by the League's official organs bearing on the subject of citizenship. These indicate clearly that the movement's principal object was succinctly summarized in the Dictator's statement given at the beginning of this article.

There is, for instance, the comparative value placed upon American and Italian citizenship by Il Carrocio, an official magazine published under the League's auspices. In a recent number it said:

> Let us be clear in our stand on Americanization. Prior to Fascismo, the governments [of Italy] were so weak that they permitted their sons to become citizens of other countries. But we must state our stand clearly. We must preserve for Italy its blood and its citizens.
>
> To be a citizen of Rome is the highest attainment, and now, under Fascisti Italy, the highest honor. How could we become so vile as to renounce that citizenship even for the citizenship of America?

Giovanezza, another official publication, edited under the supervision of Count di Revel, recently outlined the duties of Fascisti in America. Here we find that one of the principal aims should be:

> To bring back to Italian citizenship all those countrymen who have been legally denationalized, and—what is much worse—who, by accepting foreign ideals and a foreign language, have made themselves bastards of Italy.

Thus, it appears, the Italian who has become naturalized and tried to learn our language is a "bastard of Italy," and must be legitimatized through the Fascisti movement.

Equally illuminative of the militant character of the movement is the following paragraph from the preliminary oath taken upon application for membership in a Fascio:

> I swear to make every effort to improve my culture, my body and my mind so as to render myself worthy of participation in that minority chosen to serve and guide the nation in the great hour. I swear to subject myself to the discipline of the hierarchy of the Fascisti League of North America.

One is tempted to regard all this as akin to the childish rigmarole of a high school fraternity, especially in view of the Italian temperament's flair for the mysterious and the secret, but there have been too many disquieting incidents to permit of such an easy and solacing explanation.

There was, for instance, the case of Mario Chiossone, a Boston Italian, who was recently deported to Italy and immediately sentenced to a long prison term for his anti-Fascisti activities in this country. The chief evidence against him was his letter to the Secretary of Labor, pleading that, as a political refugee, he be permitted to remain here. This incident caused considerable indignation and editorial comment among those who had always looked upon America as a political asylum. But the deportation of such "Italian renegades" as poor Chiossone and their deliverance into the hands of their enemies are among the tasks to which the Fascisti League has consecrated itself. The United States must no longer afford shelter to exiles forced to flee their own country when political changes place vindictive enemies in power. European feuds and rivalries must no longer cease at the water's edge. The Garibaldis and the Chiossones must be denied refuge in "the land of the free" and handed over to the tender mercies of their enemies.

Another incident which casts a baleful light on Fascisti activities within our borders followed the murder of two members of the League in New York City last Memorial Day. Though supposedly Italians of lowly station, the dead men lay in state for several days, with a black-shirted guard keeping vigil at their bier. Italian dignitaries from Washington attended the funeral. The bodies were then shipped to Rome, there to be received and buried with all the honors accorded those black shirts who were killed in the skirmishes accompanying the Dictator's march on the Eternal City.

These tokens of national respect for two humble New York City Italians were accompanied by a violent outburst against Mussolini's enemies in America, the same element which the League was organized to suppress. Mussolini's journalistic mouthpiece—Il Popolo d'Italia—demanded that "anti-Fascisti living in foreign cities, especially the refuse who have come together in New York, be crushed like vipers."

Lest this demand for vengeance miss the mark, it was reprinted in an influential Italian newspaper in the metropolis which, along with the principal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italian advertisers, has become a convert to Fascism. The cry was raised in even more unrestrained language in Il Grido della Stirpe, the official Fascisti newspaper in the United States. This organ openly asserted that Dr. Charles Fama, a reputable Italian physician of American birth, had possessed guilty knowledge of the murder plot. Within a few days black hand letters poured in to Dr. Fama's home in such volume that the authorities deemed it wise to assign a police guard to his person and residence.

Count di Revel has outlined the terms on which his organization will abandon its activities in the United States.

"They say we foster radicalism and anti-Fascism by our campaign," he said, "provoking those elements to retaliate against us. That may be so, but I will make this offer: If the propaganda and attacks on Fascism will stop, we will disband the League and call off our campaign."

But until that happy day arrives, class and political warfare among our 4,000,000 Italians must go on.

Until the cry of "Down with Mussolini" is no longer heard, and until America's streets resound only with holy pæans to "Il Duce," Count di Revel indicated, the Fascisti will not cease their efforts to suppress Mussolini's enemies—"no matter in what land they might live, and unto the seventh generation."

RAY T. TUCKER.

Profits and Depressions

KALLIAS: I see that William T. Foster and Waddill Catchings have returned to the attack with a new book, "Business Without a Buyer."*

KRITIAS: What attack are you speaking of?

KALLIAS: That begun in their former books, "Money" and "Profits." A prize of $5,000 was offered for the best adverse criticism of "Profits." Although 435 persons, including former Presidents of the American Economic Association and experts of the Federal Reserve System, were among the competitors, the authors assert that they would have to make no change in their main conclusions, if they took account of all the valid criticisms received from all sources. The new book is merely a popular restatement of the ideas in the others.

KRITIAS: What is the nature of this extraordinary thesis?

KALLIAS: It is an attempt to state a major cause of industrial depressions.

KRITIAS: Hundreds have attempted that, with many ingenious theories. But no theory has yet been proved by adequate evidence. Do Messrs. Foster and Catchings prove theirs?

KALLIAS: Not by conclusive evidence drawn from the world of experience. They have made no elaborate use of statistical material. What they have really done is to infer, from what they happen to know, a hypothesis which seems to them reasonable.

KRITIAS: And this hypothesis is—?

KALLIAS: It rests upon the assertion that the basic trouble is the inability of people in general to buy all that they can produce.

KRITIAS: There is nothing new about that. Karl Marx made the same observation, as have hundreds of others. More recently, Mr. J. A. Hobson has elaborated a theory based on the same idea.

KALLIAS: What is new, or nearly new, is their explanation of why this happens, which differs from those of Marx, Hobson and most of the others.

KRITIAS: Before you tell me of this explanation, let us examine an objection to their basic assertion. Economists deny that there can be such a thing as general overproduction. They admit that more of any given article can be produced than people want, such as opera or books on philosophy. But they say that if we take account of everything, human wants are inexhaustible.

KALLIAS: That may or may not be true. For myself, I suspect that the world will some day revolt from a plethora of things. Yet I admit that at present, people may, and most people actually do, want much more than they have. All that, however, is beside the point. The assertion is, not that people in general do not want all that is made, but that they have not the money to buy it.

KRITIAS: But the economists deny that, too. They say that when something is made to sell, it constitutes not only an addition to supply, but an addition to effective demand. When I take a bushel of potatoes to market, I do so for the purpose not merely of selling the potatoes, but of buying something with what I get for them. When a manufacturer makes automobiles, he not only puts the automobiles on sale, but, in the process, he pays out money for wages, bills of materials, interest, rent and profits, all of which distribute a purchasing power equivalent to the addition to supply which the automobiles constitute.

KALLIAS: Yet industrial depressions do occur, in which there seems to be a general lack of demand for what is for sale. Do the economists deny that?

KRITIAS: By no means. But they say that the phenomenon in question is not really general overproduction (or under-consumption), but a lack of balance among the supplies of various articles which temporarily upsets the market. How do Foster and

* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catchings explain the under-consumption which they assert?

KALLIAS: They deny that manufacturers, and others in charge of productive enterprises, pay out as much money as they receive for their products. This creates a situation where there is not enough purchasing power to buy the goods offered for sale. The reason manufacturers do not pay out as much as they receive is that, after paying for labor, materials and all the rest, they retain a profit.

KRITIAS: But that is childish. What is done with the profit? Surely it is not buried in the earth. It is either paid out in dividends or used in some other way which distributes purchasing power.

KALLIAS: My authors do not overlook your objection. They admit that payment of dividends creates purchasing power. But they say a difficulty arises when, in addition to paying dividends, the corporation "saves" part of its profit—as most producers do in the United States. And they say that thrift on the part of individuals creates the same difficulty.

KRITIAS: Let us see. When a business saves—that is, when it makes an addition to surplus out of undistributed profits—it may do several things with that surplus. It may keep the money in a bank. Individuals who save do the same thing. In this case, the money gives the bank a basis for making new loans—in turn creating an addition to general purchasing power. In fact, the loans may be larger than the amount of money deposited, thus creating more purchasing power than if the savings had been spent instead of deposited.

KALLIAS: True; but the loans are made only if persons with adequate security demand them. Sometimes loans are not so demanded, and the money in the bank lies idle. Lack of demand for loans may arise as a result of other conditions. Or the loans, which are largely made to producers, may result in the money being used a second time for production before it is used for consumption.

KRITIAS: You must admit, however, that bank deposits arising from savings are not in themselves a cause of deficiency in purchasing power. That cause must lie in the "other conditions."

KALLIAS: True. But how about the other ways of disposing of a surplus?

KRITIAS: The surplus may be spent by increasing production. In which case it goes to pay additional wages and buy more materials, thus distributing purchasing power.

KALLIAS: Yes, go on. In a moment I will tell you why the authors say that is not sufficient to keep the factories busy.

KRITIAS: Or the surplus may be invested in additional factories, machinery, or other productive equipment. This is the case whether the business adds to its own plant, or invests in other concerns. In either case the money is spent, and adds to purchasing power.

KALLIAS: My authors point out, however, that while such a use of savings increases production, it distributes only the same amount of money as was received in payment for the *original* amount of product. Therefore the consumers cannot buy the additional output. (Of course the producer may enlarge his plant, not out of savings, but on fabricated bank credit—but that is not the situation we started out to consider.)

KRITIAS: I admit that the consumers cannot buy the extra output if the price of the product remains the same. But prices usually fall when the supply on the market is increased.

KALLIAS: If prices fall, the profit diminishes. Unless prices fall to such an extent that profit disappears, the consumers do not receive enough money to buy all of the new output. But when profit disappears, production ceases, and we have a depression.

KRITIAS: You forget one important event—the event which almost invariably accompanies the use of surplus in increasing production. That is the constant stream of new inventions and better technical methods which reduces the *unit cost* of the new production. Moreover, production on a larger scale is usually cheaper than production on a smaller scale. So that the manufacturer, if he invests his surplus in additional equipment and output, can lower prices, or increase wages, or both, without sacrificing his profit.

KALLIAS: Let me see if I understand you. In preparing to produce more, and in producing it, the manufacturer spends all that his customers have paid for his previous product. With this money, the customers can buy the larger amount now produced, because the article is now sold at a sufficiently lower price. Or, perhaps, the manufacturer, by raising wages, actually spends more in turning out the increased product than he received for his former output. He does this by borrowing from a bank on the basis of his expected larger profits. In either case, or in a combination of them, he makes possible the sale of what he is producing. At the same time, he continues to make a profit, because each unit of his new product costs him less than each unit of his old product, on account of technical improvements in his process.

KRITIAS: Quite so.

KALLIAS: My authors admit this possibility as far as reduction of prices is concerned. They do not appear to admit it as far as increase of wages is concerned—and here I believe they have made an oversight, perhaps due to their desire to minimize the importance of the theory of the "economy of high wages."

KRITIAS: The admission with regard to prices alone would seem to be crucial.

KALLIAS: No, because there are two important qualifications. In the first place, the nemesis of inadequate consumers' purchasing power can be averted only so long as technical improvement and falling unit costs steadily continue. At any time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when costs became stable, or started to rise, the reinvestment of profits in more production would result either in unprofitable prices or in more goods than people could buy. In that case, all profits would have to be distributed, and nothing saved, if depressions were to be avoided. This qualification is not, I believe, stated by the authors, but it seems to be implicit in their work.

KRITIAS: At present it does not seem important, for technical progress shows no sign of petering out. And the second qualification is—?

KALLIAS: On that, the authors are exceedingly explicit. They say that prices cannot fall fast enough to enable consumers to buy everything that is made, without the occurrence of a depression. For, they say, producers will not freely buy materials and enter upon large production programs when they fear that prices will fall.

KRITIAS: There the past two or three years show them to be mistaken. Though prices have fallen, production has not markedly decreased, on the whole. A steadily expanding demand from consumers, translated into a "hand to mouth" demand from distributors, has made possible a large volume of production for immediately effective demand, even though prices were falling.

KALLIAS: You think, then, that we shall have no more depressions from this cause?

KRITIAS: I do not say that. I say merely that the analysis of the theory ends in a question. Might not prices fall, or wages, salaries and farm incomes rise, rapidly enough to avert a depression?

KALLIAS: Is that the only flaw you can now see in the hypothesis?

KRITIAS: I think so, but I also think the authors have overlooked a possible important cause of depression closely related to their own thesis.

KALLIAS: What is that?

KRITIAS: It is one very similar to that pointed out by Mr. J. A. Hobson, which your authors, like most economists, believe invalid.

KALLIAS: Can you explain it briefly?

KRITIAS: I will try. Suppose technical improvements, which reduce unit cost to the manufacturer, are not accompanied by parallel reduction in prices to the public or increase in wages. The proportion of the total income of an establishment going to profits might temporarily increase, at the expense of the proportion going to wages.

KALLIAS: That might happen, I can see.

KRITIAS: Then, due to the prevailing habits of "saving" among corporations and profit-receivers, more money than usual would be likely to be devoted to new facilities for production, which, in turn, would be capable of turning out more for a given cost and effort than the old facilities.

KALLIAS: I can see that, too.

KRITIAS: And the new facilities would be very likely to be planned for the kinds of production which have been customary. If nine-tenths of the industrial equipment had been devoted to making goods such as the wage-earners and others of lower incomes can buy and one-tenth to making more expensive things for the rich, nine-tenths of the new investment would be likely to flow into facilities for making general or common goods, and one-tenth into making expensive goods.

KALLIAS: Yes, that is likely.

KRITIAS: But, in the meantime, the purchasing power of the rich had increased more than that of the others—because profits had increased faster than wages had gone up or prices had gone down. Therefore, the result of the increased facilities would be overproduction—or inadequate purchasing power—on the part of the nine-tenths, and surplus purchasing power on the part of one-tenth.

KALLIAS: In other words, you would have, not universal overproduction, but overproduction in goods for moderate and low incomes?

KRITIAS: Precisely—one important kind of unbalanced production, which even the economists admit, in principle, might occur.

KALLIAS: And, as a result, profits would again diminish, industries would slow down, and most of the rich would suffer as well as the others?

KRITIAS: Yes. And a revival could come only after the prices of common goods had fallen sufficiently.

KALLIAS: Of course you do not deny that the building of the unwonted supply of equipment, and the making of the goods which it turned out, would probably mean an enlargement of wage payments?

KRITIAS: By no means. We are here dealing with *rates of change* which vary among each other. My hypothesis is merely that the rate of increase in wage payments (or the rate of decrease in prices) is not so rapid as the rate of increase in the productive capacity for things which wage-earners can buy.

KALLIAS: It is an interesting hypothesis.

KRITIAS: Yes, but, like that of Messrs. Foster and Catchings, it awaits verification. Let us postpone further suppositions until we know more about the bearing of the facts. GEORGE SOULE.

Lovers

Now tell me, what are we in this brief hour
Of a rapt radiance trembling toward the night,
Eternal and as delicate as a flower,
Compounded half of darkness, half of light—
Wherein all forms are phantom . . . tree and wall,
And whitening bush, and you and I, as well . . .
O, you and I, the least secure of all,
Could find no cry to pierce that brooding spell.

I tell you that we have no part in this,
We, with our speeches of brief, broken worth,
Our momentary groping for dear hands—
What are our hurried kisses to this kiss
Of slow, eternal light that takes the earth,
Forgetful of all lovers in all lands?

DAVID MORTON.

SMITH'S LIBRARY
NORTHAMPTON
MASSACHUSETTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Counter-Current

WHAT is this world coming to? is the favorite question of a great many people, and most of those who ask it think that they can answer it. The answers vary, but one of the most popular in recent years has been the prophecy that the world is coming to an age of absolute mechanical perfection, whatever that may mean. Everything colorful and beautiful in the calm life before the machine, say these answerers, is going to the limbo of forgotten things as quickly as the inventive genius of an inventive people can send it there. Beauty in surroundings, loveliness of landscape, the charm of patient, hand-made art, all will vanish before the onslaught of the well oiled machines. Utilitarianism, say these people, is upon us at last, and all the world is embracing it eagerly. In the future nothing else will count.

The state of mind which led to such ravings can be easily accounted for. It is the result of an hysteria as common as the religious hysteria of the fathers. These prophets of mere usefulness have been told again and again that America is the workshop of the world. It has been borne in upon their consciousness that our glorious country has invented more mechanical marvels than any other. Our great factories have been pointed to with pride so often as rather to unsettle the balance of these temperamental souls. Seeing out of nothing such greatness to have come, they see out of the greatness that nothing but perfection can arrive—perfection, of course, in the ways of mechanics.

It distresses me to say it, but they have missed the point. We are going to progress mightily in the ways of invention and industry, but there is an element in this land of ours as violently opposed to complete utilitarianism as the other is poetically in favor of it. It is manifesting itself in no mistakable terms, and, while it can cause no fear to the opposing camp, it can give great joy and hope to the embattled foes of usefulness. It is this group which is expressing itself now, in many ways, and in many places. A great proportion of the things it attempts are more hopeful and childish than praiseworthy, but the attempt is an enthusiastic one. They are going to make our civilization more colorful, if they have to erect a new tea shop in every neighborhood, and revive the old stage-coaches for inter-urban (as the transit companies playfully put it) traveling.

Antique-collecting, in so far as it is not a blind fad, the erection of English villages, Italian villages, Spanish villages and everything but Hottentot villages in our new suburbs, the use of the bus instead of the train for inter-city (I don't like the word urban) travel, the wild desire for Russian brass, the urge to eat in a tea shop in a dirty downtown street, rather than in a fine restaurant for the same check, the development of that new plague out of Egypt, the cross-country hitch-hiker, may all be traced to this counter-current. It is manifesting itself in a wholesale manner, almost to the point of becoming a huge rash, an eczema upon America. It is dotting our countryside with artistic filling stations, providing the peculiar spectacle of foul industry assuming the garments of beauty to increase sales of a foul product. It has made the bungalow superior to the summer mansion, and has raised the automobile camper ninety-and-one steps above the simon-pure tourist. It has taken a back-hand swipe at history and tried to unwind the clock. It has said, in accents of holy joy and exaltation—"America shall be beautiful!" and has rolled up its sleeves (if a counter-current can be said to have sleeves) and gone to work to make America beautiful. It looks at the billboard with eyes of pious horror. It swears softly at every manifestation of the sky-writer's art. It reads its magazines with eyes averted from the contaminating ads, and produces magazines which will have none of these ads. It is panting for perfection in an atmosphere of machine oil, and it has high hopes for success.

Will it succeed? Of course it will. Why shouldn't it? Anything can succeed in America. We have so many people with the leisure, if not the ability, to think, that there is no movement so poor that it cannot attract followers. This, by the way, is no poor movement. The professors of the counter-current in America (it is quite a strain to refrain from adding the word "incorporated") are persons of substantial positions in their communities and in their communities' banks. They have money enough to do what they want; it just happens that they want to do colorful, pretty things. They ride by bus, not in spite of the fact that it is slower, but because it is slower. They eat in artistic tea-rooms, not in spite of the fact that they are inconveniently situated, but because they are inconveniently situated. They have evacuated the apartment houses for suburban confections in European style because of a vague something entitled charm. And they collect things because they wish their environment to breathe the spirit of the calm, unhurried past. The elbow-greased twentieth century is investing itself in the garments of the jaunty eighteenth. It cannot quite approach the glory of silk knee-breeches, but it does pull on woolen and linen knickers. The stock of lace about the throat is as yet impossible, but the silk muffler and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inspired necktie form adequate substitutes. No longer can snuff be snuffed in polite company with any degree of ease, but, as an advertisement informs us, it is replaced by the contemporary gesture of the automatic cigar-lighter. And if the rapier has given way to the golf-stick and the tennis racquet, we cannot but admit that a new etiquette has arisen to countenance it. The forms of the tennis courts are no less elaborate than the code of the field of honor, and surely honor without bloodshed is something.

And so these people go, the apostles of the counter-current, perfectly convinced that they are setting standards which will lead the errant country away from the wiles of the useful and the ordinary. When they eat in their tea houses, and ride in their inter-city buses, they can figure to themselves, as they think the French say, the rotund forms of the restaurant keepers and railway magnates, seated about large tables and worried over their defection. They have put trouble into the heart of utilitarian business, and they are wickedly glad.

Though these innocents, bless their souls, are glad, they are glad without reason. Already we have cute little chains of tea shops and sandwich counters. Already we have buildings built for the accommodatio.. of the artisti, the literati, and the musicali. The same firms which have built the scorned hotels and crass apartment houses in the middle of the large cities are erecting the English, Spanish, and so on, villages of the verdant countryside. The manufacturers of scrap tobacco for the vulgar workman are making choice mixtures, with English names, for the illuminati. And, as I have said before, the purveyors of the filthy gas have fallen in line and are selling their poison in Greek temples. The big clothing establishments have seen the light also and are sending out their direct-mail material couched in terms of the subtlest innuendo. They speak in forms of the sheerest poetry, of the weather, the leaves on the trees, the blue of the sky, and the delights of walking through the verdant countryside. They hint that one must wear clothes to go about and enjoy these things, and leave the possible purchaser to guess that they happen to be in the business of selling them. The same firms advertise, in different quarters, that their suits at twenty-four seventy-five have been reduced (due to the ingenuity of their president, who saw a big chance and grabbed it) to the even more modest sum of twenty-two sixty. But they sell the different classes to the different classes in different sales rooms, and everyone is happy.

One by one, the greater organizations of big business are falling into line. The market is becoming artistic, hey? The people are going in for beauty, hey? Well, we'll give them all the beauty they want, they say to themselves, produced, of course, under sanitary conditions, by contented workmen, and in union shops, if necessary. The big silver firms have discharged all their workmen, as a matter of fact. They have none in their employ now but master craftsmen, men fit to create the things of beauty which the rebels must have for their revolt to succeed. Beauty, incorporated, (there, I have got that word in; now everything is all right) is no longer a drug on the market. An entirely new market has been created for it, an exclusive market, if you please, and one in which not everybody is privileged to buy. The utilitarian world has become startled at the revolt from the fold of those who detested utilitarianism, and so it has begun to give them what they wanted, in a strictly utilitarian way.

That the rebels take no shame to themselves for the rapidity with which they have absorbed all this commercial beauty is not to be wondered at. It has come upon them too quickly to permit much thought, and what little they have indulged in has been of a hazy nature. I would not be at all astounded to learn that the rebels from the fold of twentieth century usefulness have begun to believe that they are reforming the great makers of the world, that they have set the ideal of beauty above the former one of simple mechanical efficiency. The great makers of the world, aforementioned, are content to let them think so. They spread the illusion, if we must have the sordid truth, in all their literature, which literature, once distributed on plain white paper, is now set loose upon the world in pale, yearning tints. The effect of these things is devastating, and no man who receives the delicately worded commercial announcements, on paper fit for milady's notes of love, can help but consider himself a deuce of an artistic fellow. A sense of power, of pride, of noble blood, flows in upon the soul after the perusal of the modern personal advertising material. One smiles in his heart as the comic old maid of the movies smiles with her face at the extent of the compliment. The old advertiser used to say, "My goods are good; buy them." The new artist in the line says, "You are good; buy my goods." There seems to be little connection, but the thing works. Blessed is the seeker after beauty.

And so it goes. We are not to be stampeded, say certain souls, by the mechanical perfection of a steel age. We will live colorful, individual, beautiful lives. We defy you, you manufacturers, you crass material souls, to stop us. The ones who are defied grin. Certainly, they say. As you please. You are entitled to live lives of beauty. We congratulate you on your courage. But do you not think you can live these lives better in our new Tip-Top Hills development than you can in the big city? The spirit of the eighteenth century is alive in it, and the prices — the prices are very low. . . .

SAMUEL GRAFTON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American National Flower

IT was one of the warmest Sundays of the year. The Old Explorer had dropped into the club for a moment; in between wilds, so to speak. His last stop had been in the mountains of northern Albania, and his next was to be that strange island off the coast of Chile—Easter Island, the one with those great monoliths on it. He looked like a dusty old monolith himself, in the doorway; a weather-beaten, geologic specimen, entering the club's tidy reading room.

"Come on out," he said when he saw me, "don't sit here all day. Let me show you the sights of your native land, while I'm in town here to do it."

It was too hot to go out—I was perfectly comfortable just where I was. And as I have lived in New York all my life, and as he's hardly seen it, I told him to kindly go out and look at the sights by himself.

"But it's just because you've always lived here that you don't know how to see them—you haven't a fresh eye; no native has, of any country."

What hadn't I seen, I inquired? Let him name one thing I'd missed.

"There is a display of the national flower in the park today," he replied. "A spectacle that almost no people I know of could duplicate. I'll bet you don't even know the name of your national flower."

"It's the golden-rod. And it isn't in bloom till late summer, or fall."

"Wrong again," he replied, patronizingly, and ordered a cab.

On the way to the park he described all the world's national flowers. Dutch tulips, the shamrocks of Ireland, the lilies of France, the leek in Wales, the banana in the Virgin Islands, the linden in Prussia, and a long list of plants that are identified with races and tribes that no one ordinarily hears of excepting explorers. I asked him catch-questions—what was the Russian flower, what was Japan's—but he knew every one of them instantly and its nature and history. I had to admit to him he seemed well informed on the subject. "It's all the more curious, though," I added, "that you don't know our golden-rod."

"I do know your golden-rod. It received a great many votes, I remember, about twenty years ago, when you Americans tried to find out what your national flower was. Imagine going at it by voting! You always run true to form. You still believe you can decide any question by taking a ballot."

"There's no fairer way. That is obvious."

"'Fair?' How Anglo-Saxon!"

This Old Explorer gets me very irritated at times, by his tone. I wished I were back at the club. I said I would not argue further.

"It's what makes us all seem such hypocrites to a Latin," he explained with a smile. "Dragging in this irrelevant matter of fairness, when it's a question of fact. You'll be taking a vote next to decide what is the national climate. 'Give everybody a voice'—'it's only right'—and hang the meteorologists."

I inquired by what criteria or from what learned body of savants the people of any land might humbly learn what their own favorite flower was.

"The people of any and every land should ask strangers," he said. "A better way still is to ask an expert explorer, like me. It's my business to know tribal habits, just as it's yours to know books. I spend my life in observing and noting just such things as this.

"And furthermore, the American national flower," he went on, with a sigh, "is impossible for an observer to mistake. It is so characteristic. It is more typically national than any other country's, by far."

I said I still couldn't imagine what flower he meant.

"Shall I give you a hint or two? It isn't a wild flower, and it isn't a flower that you'll find much in gardens. It only grows where people plant it. Yet how it does grow. No matter how fast it is picked it will spring up afresh. It's hardy, it spreads without effort, it asks little help. The vegetable kingdom has evolved some astonishing products, but never anything so luxuriant and quick-growing as this."

"Well," I said, "I give up."

"There—look over there!" he cried out, as we entered the park. "See those masses of irregular foliage all over the lawns—those enormous white blooms actually springing up under your eyes! In every park all over the country, and in the most remote camps, wherever there's a hot weather picnic, the whole landscape is full of them."

The sun was just setting and the holiday crowds going home. The beautiful lawns were carpeted everywhere with old Sunday newspapers.

CLARENCE DAY.

A New York Diary

THE New Yorker published, a short time ago, one of those rare pictures which make you laugh out loud the moment you see it. At the very top of the page a man hung from a trapeze; at the very bottom, looking up with a degree of irritation, was the man whom the first one had failed to catch. The legend was, "Oop—sorry." (Date of issue, July 16, 1927; signature, Shanks.)

The New Yorker is not primarily a weekly of comic cuts, but it has been exceptionally happy in its pictures. Early in its career it presented the Whoops sisters—preposterous and delightful figures, in incredible situations, wholly refreshing until their creator, Peter Arno, grew tired of them and buried them in a book. His covers and other drawings are now much his better work. The work of Helen Hokinson is not at all grotesque; it is seldom uproariously funny, but it is sharp social satire; her mean society girls and meaner (and fatter) society women are extremely well done. Soglow is another artist whose work I had not seen before; at its best, it is tidily composed and has a sardonic and intelligent point of view; among the old-timers there is Frueh and, once in a great while, Boardman Robinson. The New Yorker never had a tradition, as Life and Judge had, of prettily drawn conventional figures; although its art editor, Rea Irvin, is not adept in distortion, he seems fairly catholic in taste, which makes it all the more surprising that the sketches of Gropper and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dehn are absent. Both of these excellent draughtsmen have a tendency to ridicule established wealth; The New Yorker's artists are more concerned with *arrivistes*. Yet nothing would be more appropriate to The New Yorker, and nothing could give it the variety it needs, more than Dehn's sketches of Americans abroad and Gropper's ironic pictures of politicians at home.

The New Yorker has, recently, said less about the old lady from Dubuque for whom the magazine was, at the beginning, not intended. This silence reminds me somewhat of the change in The American Mercury's advertising: it used to be the magazine the civilized minority is reading, but some time ago, in the Fifth Avenue busses, it appeared miraculously transformed into the magazine the civilized majority is reading. The American Mercury, like The New Yorker, has been a great success, but I seriously wonder whether Mencken has already converted the majority. The New Yorker's case is equally dubious: there is very little in its pages now which the old lady in or from Dubuque will fail to enjoy. In an article in this paper, Mr. Seldes noted how seldom satire appears in our weeklies, and mentioned one supremely good piece by Benchley in The New Yorker as an exception. In recent issues I note the following:

> Marc Connolly poking fun at Rotarians, vintage of 1922.
>
> Picture of observation car going through the Grand Canyon; vulgar man and wife discussing quality of food in the diner. I have traced this back to 1834. (Chevalier's Notes on America; also in Mrs. Trollope.)
>
> Baird Leonard and Ben Hecht discussing the comparative qualities of men and women at the bridge table; from the Charles Dana Gibson era, but Miss Leonard is always amusing.
>
> Pictures and text about parents boring visitors with home-made movies of the babies. Re-animation of pictures and text of parents boring visitors with snapshots, 1900.
>
> Picture of very fat woman weighing down boat at oars of which her husband labors. The drawing is superior to the same picture in Life, probably of June 20, 1897.
>
> Benchley weakly working over the Walker-Whalen-reception-committee gag.

Of course, these are summer issues.

But the absence of sophistication is marked in The New Yorker all the year round. At the beginning it threatened to become an Algonquin organ, and delivered its theatrical criticism over to an imitator of Mrs. Dorothy Parker who lacked her penetration and her wit and has since found his *métier* in writing captions for smart movies; it has succeeded in being the organ of no group—not even its own—and its dramatic criticism is now in the hands of Charles Brackett, who writes vastly entertaining and sophisticated novels and goes entirely blank when he faces a play. For a year The New Yorker took the night clubs seriously—after nearly everybody had discovered that in most of them it was only a question whether you were more robbed than bored or vice versa. In its art criticism, the paper is urbane—but not as urbane as Henry McBride—and does not belittle the new men; in its book reviews, Ernest Boyd drops all his pedantry and all his acerbity, and becomes an entirely intelligent and readable critic. This department, the sports sections, and Morris Markey's running comment on the news of the week, especially on the journalistic handling of news, are consistently good, well informed, and intelligent.

The New Yorker has succeeded in dealing with personalities, instead of dealing in them; it tells entertaining stories about well known people, but it is free from gossip. It is extremely pure; I do not recall a single even slightly bawdy reference or allusion in all its numbers. It leaves political and social questions to Howard Brubaker, who touches them off in his excellent paragraphs. Its metropolitanism is indicated by an abhorrence of hitch-hikers and of people who stare at the fascinating Lucky Strike exhibit on Broadway. Its Profiles are never caustic; the best one by far was John Winkler's five-part study of William Randolph Hearst; the worst ones are sentimental about Roxy and Harold Lloyd. A few weeks ago, there was an extremely intelligent and very bitter article on the year of inactivity forced on Chaplin by two unimportant women —his wife and her mother; this was the work of Ralph Barton, and its vehemence and indignation were entirely out of keeping with the placid tone of the paper.

Dubuqueing and debunking are both a little tiresome, and what one ventured to expect from The New Yorker was a level of sophistication which would turn primarily not against the stupid, but against the pretentiously intellectual. The sophisticates of New York are its legitimate prey; for some reason it has never trapped them. It is doing some fancy shooting at clay pigeons, and at times its virtuosity is extremely interesting; in spite of what seems to be a wavering intention on the part of the editors, it is usually entertaining in spots and sometimes as a whole; it does manage to record the doings of an exciting city without losing *verve*. Once in a while an episode out of de Maupassant is noted as something which recently happened to a well known physician, or an ancient quip of Bernard Shaw's is reported as "new to us." But so long as the pictures are good, my grandmother in Dubuque and I will buy it.

The Ziegfeld Follies in their tender years gave college boys a winter's supply of ready-made wit, fresh slang, and whistling material; the Follies girls of yesterday were beautiful and dumb. Today the mere beauty, if she lacks the stature and carriage of a Dolores, becomes fashion model for a department store, the Follies girls are last year's small-town dancing sensations and music teachers—and "beautiful and dumb" describes the twenty-first edition of the Follies. None of its predecessors can have exhibited more exquisite costumes than those designed for it by John Harkrider; he and Urban, creator of the settings, have actually achieved their effects without falling back on mere knock-down magnificence of textures and decorations, and for this restraint one gratefully remembers the "ribbons and bows" number, the grotesque man-beasts of a jungle episode, the magical composition of a feminine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stringed quintette, and a scene among great, soft, white clouds, surmounted by centaurs and chimeras. There is the novelty—one which competitors should find difficult to imitate—of special choruses of girls, outwardly up to Ziegfeld standards, who can deal with all current musical instruments; this permits of numbers for massed banjoes or saxophones, for a dozen pianos built into a set, for even a full jazz band which reproduces, to the extent of its ability, Ted Lewis' famous Columbia record of the St. Louis Blues. But otherwise there is neither novelty nor, with certain exceptions, good standard revue stuff.

For these exceptions there are the incomparable Eddie Cantor, miraculously extracting laughter from a series of rather dreary sketches, and a few moments each of Dan Healy's soft-shoe work; of the youthful Helen Brown's ballet dancing; of Desha, who, in an age of specialization, specializes in playing like a kitten with great gutta-percha bubbles; of Ukulele Ike strumming and singing, in his engaging manner of pop-eyed innocence, several ditties sufficiently Pompeiian to land any other performer in Jefferson Market Court; of an Irving Berlin song, entitled "It All Belongs To Me."

This last item, a lively if not distinguished example in the recent Kahn-Donaldson school, stands out conspicuously in a mediocre Berlin score. Of the composer's two plugged songs, "Shaking The Blues Away," as its title suggests, is a perfunctory variation on a theme announced by the Gershwins in "Clap Your Hands" ("Oh, Kay!") and since then echoed, to mention two principal examples, in Ruby's "Dancing the Devil Away" ("Lucky") and Youmans' "Hallelujah!" ("Hit the Deck"); while "Maybe It's You" turns out, surprisingly, to be a mere second draft of Berlin's own recent success, "Blue Skies." "The Jungle-Jingle" may interest pianists when it is published, since it finds Berlin juggling with the perverse rhythms of his older "Pack Up Your Sins" and "Bandanna Days." He shows another side of his old self, fashioning nimble counter-melodies to Sousa marches in the military band number.

Yet all this serves principally to remind the hearer of what went to make up a Berlin score in the days of "Watch Your Step," "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," other Follies and the earlier Music Box shows; one recalls, subject to correction, that "Stop, Look and Listen" alone introduced "That Hula Hula," "I Love a Piano," "When I Get Back To The U. S. A.," and "The Girl on The Magazine Cover"; and, comparing this list with that of the new Follies songs, one can, at best, suspend judgment as to whether the latter signify a failing invention. If Berlin's invention has not rusted, it is being exposed to rust at a time when, with Gershwin, Youmans, Richards, Ruby and a crowd of lesser talents pressing forward, its glint is most looked for. Certainly he has never lost the extraordinary rhythmical rightness which still triumphantly saves his shoddy waltzes, but no less certainly, as a melodist the former path-marker is now following hard-beaten ways.

At the end of last season the "night-club racket" was under attack; the high prices, the dull shows, and the bad food and liquor were all marked down as fit for the gullible, but not for New Yorkers. It was reported that, at the most, five clubs were paying their way, that even Whiteman, in person, with a vast dining-room and a very cheap dinner, could not make a go of it. What people were doing after the theater, no one seemed to know. Yet somehow the night clubs have persisted, and for the sake of one of them, at least, a number of people will be grateful. That conspicuous and admirable exception is the Club Montmartre.

Montmartre has long been established; and for the greater part of its existence it has had the services of Emil Coleman, with one of the best bands in New York. The room is not too large and the floor not too small; the service is good; the prices are average night club prices; the tone is always cheerful. But it has for years provided music for dancing, music to which it has been an exceptional and, at times, exquisite pleasure to dance. Coleman is not known as a great leader; he has no mannerisms, no swank; he plays the piano and keeps a palpable, intriguing beat; I have heard him play familiar pieces with alternating drags and accelerations, both almost imperceptible, which have made me laugh with the sheer pleasure of their novelty. Everything he touches becomes fresh and interesting; and late at night, when he begins to play old-remembered favorites, he casts glamor on these, too, and suggests, without laboring the point, that he knows perfectly the psychology of his patrons.

The night club is dying because it is a business, when it should be a pleasure. But if the destroyer is looking for the artistically honest man for whom to spare the city, Coleman's name is placed in nomination. He is one of the few who have given exhilaration and joy to what is, in general, a pretty dreary business.

A Terrible Thing

MANY people must have been puzzled by the moving pictures of Mr. John Barrymore these last few years. They have grown to think of him, with considerable help from some of the critics, as the leading American actor. They think, naturally, of his record. That record began ten or twelve years ago, when, under the direction of Mr. B. Iden Payne and with the advantage of one of Galsworthy's earlier plays—so much better than "The Skin Game," "Loyalties" and the like—Mr. Barrymore did "Justice," and gave a convincing performance in the fullest sense. This career progressed through diverse ventures like "The Jest" and "Resurrection" to its culmination in the "Hamlet," which, without being great, doubtless had a certain distinction of outline, and, if it lacked generosity of soul and fullness of poetic spirit, evinced a certain final mentality in the lay-out and order of its conception, and high technical skill. Its level greatly rose, too, from the collaboration that Mr. Robert Edmond Jones and Mr. Arthur Hopkins brought to it. Since the "Hamlet" we have had the sex appeal movies.

Mr. John Barrymore has also enjoyed the advantage of being in a tradition—his name belongs to the last and only surviving family out of our theatrical history. To this family accumulation and prestige was added a most willing press, which, under the proverb that in the realm of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the blind the one-eyed is king, did everything possible to scintillize and dilate the Barrymore name. Mr. John Barrymore has had, then, a fine beginning and a notable past. What cause withholds him, then, to weep for them?

Of these moving pictures of Mr. Barrymore's last years, these puzzled people, looking at them and wondering afterward, can only observe that they are rotten, vulgar, empty, in bad taste, dishonest, noisome with a silly and unwholesome exhibitionism, and odious with a kind of stale and degenerate studio adolescence. Their appeal is cheap, cynical and specious. The only possible virtue in Mr. Barrymore's progress, as these films show him, is a certain advance in athletics; he is more agile, he leaps, rides and hops to a better showing, an advance encouraged no doubt by the competition with Mr. Douglas Fairbank's appeal, in all its breakfast food and brigandage of sex, and promoted by the fine air of California and the exercise imminent to such a clime. Artistically, the only thing we could say about Mr. Barrymore's performances is that he brings to them remnants of his tricks and mannerisms that stiffen them slightly and perhaps convey the sense of acting to a public that has seen but little of it. In the "Don Juan" scenes, for example, where the Tiber invades the San Angelo prison, we have something of that dashing about that the prison tableau in "Justice" afforded; in the torture scene we have various offerings resurrected out of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde double personality stage business; but all this is at best a very tame sort of pot-pourri from his old opera.

Of these pictures we may as well settle on the "Don Juan" as an illustration. We all know the origins of the theme, the early Spanish story devised to spread the fear of hell among devout believers, and how Molière, taking the story, already retold in various shapes in the folk theater of Italy and France, gave to it for the first time the currency of world thought. Molière developed the myth into a conception of what happens when culture and prestige is added to the pursuit of primitive desires. Mozart gave himself to the theme; Bernard Shaw and Byron and other artists have used it to their ends, dilating its application and sharpening its sting. This picture of Mr. Barrymore's, then, had all along the benefit of these conceptions—if you want to take it seriously.

But seriously or not seriously, one could hardly be prepared to take it as it stands. The story begins in the house of Don Juan's father, whose beautiful young wife is caught with his betrayer, and this is followed by slayings, shutting up in the stone wall, banishments and the like. Then we see the disillusioned man in the midst of beautiful women, with diaphanous nymphs in the background. He caresses these ladies to the limit, only to throw them aside, push them in the face is what it amounts to for movie purposes, in order to show the young movie son how his father wants him to take his pleasure of the ladies but never to trust them. The father is in time stabbed by one of this spurned company.

The scene shifts to Rome, with, of course, the movie Borgias and an Orsini virgin in what looks like a nightgown, which she wears to church doors and to Borgia balls. Lucrezia desires Don Juan, and plans to marry a kinsman of hers to the virgin. There are various rescues, including tortures in Castello San Angelo, from which Don Juan leaps from the prison window with the virgin, fights Borgia horsemen from horseback, and finally checks his horse at a cliff over which the less prescient Borgia horsemen dash to their death. The picture ends here, with, that is, Don Juan clasping what even to him is convincingly a virgin, and this, doubtless, will change his entire life.

Such rot speaks for itself, and we have only to remark that the settings and costumes are on the same level of taste and idea. We may let that pass, however, or go so far as to say that it is all supplied the actor, forced on him, so to speak, though I doubt that. We must judge Mr. Barrymore only by his own performance. Of that performance there is little more to be said; the little measure of its superiority over most movie acting, in sophistication and technical expertness, is only another way of saying how low Mr. Barrymore has fallen.

Many people in America, if you brought this home to them, would vaguely let it go with the point that, after all, Mr. Barrymore is making money, getting publicity, putting it over—there is a kind of tacit agreement that we shall all sink together playing the game. This is a point of view that we all understand, but we at least know still that you cannot discuss an artist in the light of it.

If you asked some actors what they thought, they would profess to understand exactly how it was. There are very few good parts, and what is the use of waiting around for good luck in some part or binding yourself to one stupid play for months? And one needs money. You might as well be in the movies. But this does not go. It might for some players, but in the case of Mr. John Barrymore there was a public in New York that would have gone to see him in any play, and allowed him the chance to venture any role, and with at least a reasonable profit in money. Actors acquainted with this actor might have said that the theater exhausted him, that he was not suited to nightly performances, but fared better under the exaction that the moving picture makes. Granting this, then, if you like, we could say that coming to Hollywood with the reputation that he brought, Mr. John Barrymore was in a position to dictate, if not the mounting and direction of the plays he adorned, at least the details of his own performance.

It happens that in Molière's play about Don Juan, Sganarelle, the valet, has a remark that sums up the whole case of what Mr. Barrymore is doing to his own art, to the theater and to the public that more or less follows him yet. "A wicked great lord is a terrible thing," Don Juan's valet says, which amounts to being the text of the play, and by which Molière means to say that it is a terrible thing when a man brings to the exercise of his lowest desires the added power and persuasion that derive from his prestige, from the inherited physical and cultural endowments, and the insolence, ruthlessness and spoiled wilfulness, the callous and grasping cynicism, the self-confidence and glamor, possible to his station.

. . . *mais un grand seigneur méchant homme est une terrible chose,* is what Sganarelle says.

STARK YOUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

They Fought

SIR: In any expression of praise for those who have unselfishly labored in the interests of justice during the long years of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, three names must come first. They are Gardner Jackson, Mary Donovan, and Aldino Felicani, all members of the original Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

Others have rendered magnificent service, others have given without stint of time and effort and money. But when the final record in this tragic case is written, these three names will stand out beyond the rest. They bore the full brunt of those weary months and years, when they labored to get the facts before the world and to stir the world's conscience into action. Upon them fell the intimate anguish of daily touch with the two brave and unfortunate men, and with those who, like Mrs. Sacco, most poignantly suffered because of ties of love and friendship toward the prisoners.

They have had to bear the sneers and opprobrium of those in high places, like Governor Fuller, down to the man in the street, who too often echoes only the prejudice of his associates. When Mr. Fuller wrote to the juror whose house was damaged by a bomb, he declared that responsibility for the outrage lay directly at the doors of those who, through "ignorance, malice or sentimentality," had lifted a voice in behalf of the men. Gardner Jackson, Mary Donovan, and Aldino Felicani had dared lift their voices, and in Boston the animus of the authorities toward all such protest was focused upon them. The police were particularly vicious, and in the closing days went to extreme efforts to intimidate and terrorize the Defense Committee and those working with them.

The only ray of light that flashes out of the whole ghastly affair is the realization that the spirit of liberty in America is not quite dead, so long as there are left a few men and women like Jackson, Donovan, and Felicani, who will not submit cravenly and comfortably—as most of us have done—when a hideous injustice is legally consummated.

Newton, Massachusetts. CREIGHTON HILL.

Americanizing America

SIR: This summer I have been staying at the Berkeley Y. M. C. A. Most of the men here are good middle-class Americans, just the sort that are supposed to be the backbone of this country. They include clerks, salesmen, mechanics, executives, students; they would seem to be a fair cross-section of young America, at least here on the Pacific Coast. I have therefore been all the more troubled at their attitude toward the Sacco-Vanzetti case. When, for example, it is suggested that the guilt of these two men was not fully established, and that it seems extreme to execute men on what the presiding judge himself admits was only circumstantial evidence, the usual response is: "Well, aren't the men anarchists? It may be going a little far to execute them, but certainly we don't want them around." Frequently they imply, and nearly assert, that the execution was good riddance of bad rubbish; the men are better dead than alive. Much the worst, however, is the fact that several of them think it probable that the men were quite innocent of murder, but that this is a convenient and desirable way of getting rid of them. In other words, what the Defense Committee has been charging all along, these men will shamelessly admit. Because Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists they have no civil rights—as if this were not itself the very worst form of anarchy!

These facts suggest some commonplace reflections. If here on the Pacific Coast, three thousand miles away from the murder and seven years after it, average Americans, such as would serve on a jury, are either incapable of or uninterested in judging Sacco and Vanzetti fairly on the charge of murder brought against them, what assurance have we that the actual jury, only a few miles from the scene of the murder, only a year subsequent to it, and at a time of great excitement and alarm over anarchists, could judge the men impartially? Have we any assurance that they had the impartial trial to which they were constitutionally, and in all humanity, entitled?

And a second reflection is this: The right to a fair trial by one's peers is fundamental to American justice, and it is now being trampled on by the very people who most loudly boast of their own Americanism, who have the most contempt for all who are not Americans. Before, then, we attempt to Americanize our immigrant population, would it not be wise first to Americanize Americans? Or is this impossible? Is the only hope for America and for liberals from those who come to our shores expecting to find justice and liberty?

Berkeley, California. LOCKWOOD MYRICK, JR.

The Visiting Nurse

SIR: The fourth week of October is to see the establishment of an annual Week for the Visiting Nurse Service of the Henry Street Settlement in New York City.

I should like to call the attention of your readers throughout the country to the inauguration of this week for two reasons. First, in the hope that the nursing services of other cities may come to set aside this week so that ultimately it will assume national proportions; and secondly, because the Henry Street nurses are serving in communities from New York to San Francisco—from Labrador to the Gulf of Mexico. Added to this, in the past thirty years, women have come from forty-seven countries to receive their training in public health nursing with the Henry Street Visiting Nurse Service. Hence its influence is felt both nationally and internationally.

It is hoped that Visiting Nurse Service Week may bring to the community an increased understanding and a more lively interest in a service which obviously is deserving of both.

New York City. JAMES H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

What's a Civilization for?

SIR: In your issue of August 3, Mr. Lewis Mumford, writing on Southern Architecture, says that "up to the Civil War, in spite of successive changes of style, there was a coherent architecture in Charleston because there was, apparently, something like a common civilization; a civilization which covered with its characteristic forms the shop and the factory and the mill as well as the mansion and the town-house." And further, "Is it not somewhat important to realize that, at a time when industrialism was creating bleak factories and hideous tenements in New York, the slaves of Charleston were frequently housed in excellently designed barracks, and set to work in Palladian rice-mills?"

Having said so much, Mr. Mumford proceeds promptly to beg the question, in the same way as he begs it throughout his book, "The Golden Day." If you set two cultures together and institute a comparison, the one that provides for all departments of human life is, by that fact, altogether better than the one which fails in this elementary respect. The Southern culture, by Mr. Mumford's own admission, did provide these conditions; the Northern did not. Yet Mr. Mumford goes on to remark: "I do not say that this proves that one part of our civilization was, in the final reckoning, any better than the other." But if it does not prove this, Mr. Mumford's contention proves nothing. If we cannot, after comparison has been duly made, exalt the slave-holding feudalism of the South above the industrial chaos and squalor of the North, then we have no right to demand culture at all. This is Mr. Mumford's dilemma; it is not mine.

London, England. JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Museum of Victorian Manners

The Greville Diary. Edited by Philip Whitwell Wilson. Two volumes. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1170 pages. $10.

MR. Wilson has undertaken a feat of editing comparable in temerity with that by which Croker, in his edition of Boswell, drew upon his head the wrath of Macaulay. He has digested the immense mass of Greville's memoirs, ninety-one small quarto volumes, and re-arranged it according to topics, with explanations, and occasional connecting passages of his own. In the process he has discarded matter which, by reason of repetition or of triviality, is unessential; and restored the important parts of the material originally suppressed out of deference to living persons, including Queen Victoria. For this restoration we cordially thank him. It is true, the suppressed passages contain nothing very sensational; they had been, moreover, drawn upon by various historians of the Victorian period, so that their substance was not a secret. Nevertheless, the existence of this important record in mutilated form remained as an evidence of the scruples of the Victorian Age which had ceased to be edifying.

The question remains, granting the impossible bulk of the original matter, whether a mere abridgement, maintaining the chronological order, would not have served better the interests of readers of the present day. The answer depends on whether one regards the memoirs as a record of the experience of a gentleman of the Victorian Age, with the interests of a man of the ruling class and an extraordinary faculty for finding out what was going on, or primarily as a source book for the history of the time. Of the former, Mr. Wilson gives us no perspective. Moreover, it may be noted that his lateral or topical division is in frequent opposition to the chronological. In the admirable sketch of Sydney Smith, the matter of which Mr. Wilson has extracted from comments extending over many years, it is, to say the least, disconcerting, after reading the account of his death in 1845 and his obituary, to meet him at breakfast with Rogers, Moore and others in 1831, when Greville records: "I never heard anything more entertaining than Sydney Smith, such bursts of merriment and so dramatic." And conscientious as Mr. Wilson is in supplying narrative links, the reader has to keep in mind, chiefly at his own expense, the political history of the time, as reflected in parliamentary elections and the making and breaking of cabinets.

It is in sketches of character and narratives of events which are units in themselves, such as the Bed Chamber Plot, that Mr. Wilson's method shows to best advantage and reveals Greville's singular genius. The Duke of Wellington is, of course, a great figure, occupying an intermediate position between sovereign and subjects, similar to that of Lucifer before the fall, between God and the angels. The comparison is perhaps not a happy one. Neither is Mr. Wilson's comparison of the Duke to Mussolini. Wellington was the complete soldier, a compendium of military virtues, of which loyalty to his sovereign was the chief. And over against this greatness in the field, there is set an uncompromising picture of his penchant for mingling in all the petty scandals of society and the court. Palmerston, whom Mr. Wilson, with incurable roguery, insists on calling Peter Pam, is a much more ambiguous character, and Greville sets down two opinions in regard to him—one of his levity, his laxity, the arrogant *je m' en fiche*-ism with which he conducted foreign affairs, and the other of his energy, industry, intelligence, decision, indifference to attack. Of Lord John Russell, also, Greville gives a lively view. Of the wives of these colleagues and rivals he says exactly the same thing. For her husband, Lady Palmerston was "the bane of his political existence," and for Lord John Russell his wife was "the bane of his political life." Of women generally Greville holds a low opinion. They represent an interest which men follow along with politics, war, and sport, but one of less dignity and importance. Even his sovereign he treats with a censoriousness that aroused her bitter wrath.

Greville had three chief interests—politics, fashion and sport. They were naturally connected. Politics, even after the Reform Bill, continued to be an intimate affair of the leading families. These same families were the supporters of the great British institution of the turf; and, in their view, elections and parliamentary battles took on the aspect of sporting events. There was a kind of plausibility to relieve the malice in Palmerston's attempt to console Gladstone for a defeat in the House of Commons by alluding to his own misfortune in the Derby. And politics was likewise an aspect of the world of fashion, a serious concern which gave weight to the social game, as played by the wives, daughters and mistresses of statesmen. Of this side of politics Greville was an interested and well informed observer. He gives an unforgettable sketch of the household of the Duke of Clarence (later William IV) at Bushey, where he lived with Mrs. Jordan and a numerous progeny of bastards. There is the account of the early days of Queen Victoria, between her two ministers Melbourne and Palmerston, united by the Countess of Cowper, sister of the first and mistress of the second, whom she married after the death of her husband. (This unfortunate nobleman, according to Greville, was a hermaphrodite.) Palmerston was not entirely faithful to this love, however, for, carrying his suit to a lady in waiting at Windsor Castle, even into her bedroom, he was repulsed and reported to the Queen, who never forgot or forgave such behavior. Another scandal of the young Queen's court centered about Lady Flora Hastings, who was the occasion of acrid gossip until her condition was diagnosed as dropsy of the womb. Her father took up the matter with some violence, and it, like all such scandal, was referred to the Victor of Waterloo, who imposed strict silence alike on gossiper and gossipee. Fashion touched politics most dangerously in the Bed Chamber Plot, when the young Queen's refusal to change her Whig ladies in waiting prevented the Tories from taking office, as, under the constitution, they were entitled to do. After the Queen's marriage, there was a Prince Consort in competition with the ministry in the government of the realm. The trifling scandals of the court, in Greville's opinion, seriously compromised the popularity of the crown; and the Queen's marriage was not conducted with the decorum befitting a lady sovereign. Early in the morning after the nuptial flight she was seen walking in her gardens with the Prince Consort. "This," remarked Greville to Lady Palmerston, "was not the way to provide us with a Prince of Wales."

The most serious drawback to Mr. Wilson's edition is that Greville appears in it necessarily as a critic of politics, and a collector of curiosities of human behavior, rather than a man who lived a life of his own. This loss is incomparably less than in the case of Pepys, who Mr. Wilson thinks is Greville's only rival as a diarist. Unquestionably the latter had a far greater zest for life, and took a more intense pleasure in his own experience than the staid Victorian. Nevertheless, Greville had a career of his own in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

civil service, and was a great sportsman. Naturally the parts of the diary to be excised, under Mr. Wilson's rule, are those which depict his personal life, ambitions, and the failure of which he was bitterly conscious. We are deprived of the opportunity of viewing Greville himself in the négligée of his journal.

Above all, we cannot deal directly with the question which constitutes the fascination of all diaries: Why did he do it? Why did he sacrifice an ambition to succeed in the world of action to the preoccupation of projecting shadows of it upon paper? The answer which is plausibly suggested in the case of Pepys, that he wrote for the pleasure of preserving for his old age the fragrance of his youth, will hardly do for Greville. There is too little *joie de vivre,* too much of other things. Greville's diary bears a stronger resemblance to Wilfrid Blunt's than to Pepys'. Like Blunt, he was favorably situated to follow the political phenomena of the time through association with important people. But Blunt was animated by a fierce hatred against the political ideals of imperialism, and wrote to record, for himself and for posterity, his protest and the facts on which it was based. Greville has no point of view to justify. On the whole, one concludes that Greville's diary was a habit, an addiction—what the Victorians called a hobby. He had the collector's instinct turned toward human affairs. Having failed of achieving distinction in other lines, he was known to his contemporaries as the keeper of a museum, like Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, and it became something of an object with statesmen and ladies to transmit through him to posterity a creditable representation of themselves and their acts. He came to hate his journal; he tried to break the cursed chain which bound him to it; he considered destroying it. Habit remained too strong. And the journal was his fame as well as his habit.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Wanted—a New Religion

The Religion Called Behaviorism, by Dr. Louis Berman. New York: Boni and Liveright. 153 pages. $1.75.
Beyond Behaviorism, by Robert Courtney. New York: Grant Publications, Inc. 133 pages. $1.50.

DR. BERMAN is, apparently, exceedingly wrought up over the need for a new religion—a religion that will inspire man to live a better and fuller life, and perhaps reduce the number of suicides. A philosophic formulation or a scientific theory is no longer safe. At any moment he may seize upon it and elaborate it arbitrarily as an example of what the new religion should or should not be.

Some such urge must have prompted the writing of his last book, "The Religion Called Behaviorism." In it he evaluates Behaviorism and Gestalt as the raw material out of which the new religion is to be molded. He finds the former wholly inadequate to release man from the bondage and strain of his "biological imperatives," but the latter holds the key to the higher places where man's Will will have its chance.

He tells us that Behaviorism presents a predetermined existence which it is most humiliating to accept and against which it is most discouraging to struggle, whereas Gestalt and Emergent Evolution (the biological equivalent of Gestalt) present a universe subject to unpredictable changes or configurations, in which man, a physico-chemical system showing an infinite degree of freedom, is himself a directing agent. He need but form a good configuration with his environment, and adjustment is assured. In the author's own words:

> To survive, to perpetuate itself, organism and environment must form a good configuration, that is to say, a configuration which must endure, while bad configurations which cannot endure of necessity must be wiped out, unless they change.

Granting, for the time being, that the author has established the superiority of Gestalt over Behaviorism for spiritual purposes, is it not fallacious to judge a discipline by standards not inherent in that discipline? Neither Behaviorism nor Gestalt is meant to serve the purposes of a religion, and to interpret them in that light is to run the danger of misrepresentation.

And I, for one, fail even to see the solace implied in Gestalt for one in despair. Consider such a one trying out configuration after configuration, none of which represents a successful alignment between himself and his environment. Is he less likely to be forced to the conclusion that the sum total of pleasure is for him far less than of pain; that to continue "configurating" is futile and a bore; that suicide is perhaps as good a configuration as any, for where are our criteria for good configurations? That they endure? Well, death endures, surely.

No, I am afraid that we cannot blame it all on the religion called Behaviorism. The person who is brought face to face with the futility of life and does the logical thing is one who has not learned the art of objectifying himself. In fact, Dr. Berman himself considers that art an essential of the new religion:

> As a dynamic entity, he [man] lives in a universe, with the universe, against the universe. . . . He lives in his own soul, in an atmosphere of self-critique and self-appraisal. Inevitably he is torn and wasted in a maelstrom of forces when he is not directed by a set of feelings and ideas which permit him to step outside the universe and to inspect it with a detached absorption. . . .

Behaviorism, according to Dr. Berman, is incapable of inspiring this state of mind, and therefore fails as a religion. Yet Behaviorism is essentially objective.

To return to the individual who has begun to question his *raison d'être,* it looks as though he will derive no less comfort—and alas, no more—from "an honest Behaviorist's advice, 'You must [continue behaving] because it is your nature,' " than from an equally honest but inspired Gestaltist's advice, " 'Configurate with the Universe,' " and all will be well, presumably.

If the Complete Life is to be had by objectifying the universe, be it with the help of Gestalt, Emergent Evolution, Behaviorism or Physics, perhaps we had better expose man to whatever the discipline through the direct light of science, instead of through the vague mist of religion, as we have been wont to do. In this respect, Mr. Courtney is beyond reproach. In his book, "Beyond Behaviorism," he introduces man to the *science,* not the *art* of objectifying *himself,* not the *universe,* recommending it as a disciplinary measure for the exercise of Will.

Unlike Dr. Berman, Mr. Courtney does not quarrel with Behaviorism. Indeed, he considers it the science *par excellence* for the study of man in his present developmental status which man must reach by conscious effort, for "it [nature] can do no more, having presented us with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

highest possible animal development on earth." But even at best the body is but a machine, made up of three systems—muscular, visceral and cerebral—acquired in the evolutionary process in the order given, and as a machine automatism is its name and its limit.

The time has come for man to acquire a fourth system, the function of which will be to exercise "direct observation of the ordinary physical occurrences manifested by our body," until no gesture, no act and no function will pass unnoticed. These observations are to be undertaken seriously and carried out precisely, making generous use, until the technique is mastered, of scientific instruments, as stethoscopes, thermometers, etc., even as does the Behaviorist. Care must be taken not to confuse this awareness with thought, for the latter is a function of the automatic cerebral system which functions mechanically and is directed toward the outside world, whereas the former "can only be used within." For example, to know that one is walking is thought, but "being conscious of the walking activity that is currently going forward in one's body" is the awareness which is the function of the fourth system.

Though these observations must be undertaken *per se,* the eventual outcome will be a saving of energy, because the proctoring of the body by the fourth or "I" system will reduce the friction of competition going on among the other three systems; it will mean the dawn of real emotions, for what pass for emotions today are simply automatic reflections of the viscera; better coördinated actions; the functioning of the Will, that is, the mastery of "I" over Body, and the beginning of free, individualized action.

A scientifically trained reader of "Beyond Behaviorism" is conscious—even in the absence of the fourth system!—of two conflicting reactions, a hopeful interest in the philosophical suggestions and implications, and regret that these should have been subjected to the rigors of science. Just as Dr. Berman uses religion as a test of Gestalt and Behaviorism, so Mr. Courtney uses science as a test of his philosophical formulas. It is the pressure of science that forces him to fit the Law of the Octave on to the Evolution of Man or vice versa, and witness the result: on the one hand, we are told that man is now arrested on the *mi* stage of the octave of life, a system having been acquired on each stage, so that it is most natural that for the proposed *fa* stage a fourth system be acquired; and, on the other hand, we are led to believe that this system functioned in bygone days, perhaps when Buddha delivered himself of "The Only Way," or when Thales said, "Know Thyself," and is now only "rusted from disuse," which looks as though Mr. Courtney overlooked at least one and perhaps many steps in the Octave, falling into the unscientific error of making a superficial count on the basis of *status quo.* Mr. Courtney's attempt to fit the Learning Curve into the Law of the Octave is no more happy, for all he succeeds in disclosing is that there is a rhythm and periodicity in the curve, possibly controlled by the supply of energy, which is really no disclosure at all. There are many more amusing scientific flaws and gaps for which there is no space here.

The pity of it is that all these difficulties are self-created, simply because Mr. Courtney insists that his philosophy must be scientifically sound. The writer suspects that this insistence is a defensive manifestation on the part of the author, who is conscious of being temperamentally cabbalistic, seeing the universe in terms of 3's and 7's.

The scientific meandering notwithstanding, "Beyond Behaviorism" is an interesting development of the Free Will theme. It is a relief in this blasé age to be confronted with a man who is virile enough to compete with nature as an agent in the game of evolution. Mr. Courtney knows what he wants, knows how to get it, and invites those who care, to try out his formula. Unlike Dr. Berman, Mr. Courtney does not tease us with a hope, but has taken the trouble to fashion a key which may fit the lock of the Complete Life. On the other hand, Dr. Berman's intimate knowledge of the human body may serve to make him a more cautious leader in the same direction.

AUGUSTA ALPERT.

Adventures in Prehistory

Primitive Hearths in the Pyrenees, by Ruth Otis Sawtell and Ida Treat. New York: Appleton and Company. 307 pages. $3.

PREHISTORY is the most fascinating subject in the world.

Prehistory is a bore.

Thus the two points of view. It all depends, I suppose, on what luck has attended the efforts of the one making the statement in his quest for the prehistory of the human race and its culture. Nor do I mean, when I use the word "efforts," that these need be in the nature of field-work. There are few persons who have done actual archeological digging who have not been enthusiasts ever afterward. I have in mind, rather, the deadliness with which accounts of archeological discoveries, or general summaries of prehistoric facts, are written. There is a never-ending mass of minutiæ which, although of great value to the specialist, becomes wearisome in the extreme to the lay reader.

Miss Sawtell and Miss Treat belong to the enthusiasts. And they well may. For the gods were good to them. It is not always that one can go for a summer's digging and be the first to find a skeleton belonging to an era which is clouded in mystery. In their book they give us an account of their work that is lively, filled with the enthusiasm they brought to it, and which transmits something of their joy in it to the reader. It is most readable—perhaps it is a bit too readable, for occasionally one becomes somewhat impatient of the personalities which are intruded, and wishes for more of the straightforward exposition which makes the chapters on "Man and the Old Stone Age," and "The Men of Montardit"—discussions of the cultural and physical development of man during prehistoric times—as clear and yet as thrilling an account of our knowledge of prehistory as I have ever read.

Nor were they only fortunate in their results. The artist and third member of their expedition, M. Vaillant-Couturier, knew the country thoroughly, and had a love for the work that fitted in well with theirs. His spirit of adventure shines through the text, and numerous explorations were made in caves other than the "Violet Hole" which they excavated, where his part was not a minor one. The discussions of prehistoric art are very interesting, and there are reproductions of some of the minute engravings which they discovered, and which he sketched on the spot, which hold real scientific value.

Yet, in their eagerness to write an account of their work and its results which should convey their enthusiasm for it, I am afraid that Miss Sawtell and Miss Treat have been tempted to stress the mystic, so-called magical, side of prehistoric life somewhat more than our knowledge warrants.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We are taken into "sanctuaries" where the authors, "like those other men and women [of Magdelenian times], were pilgrims to a shrine, moving toward something vaguely hostile, hidden in the dark." Or, at Trois Frères, in telling of seeing the "sourcerer," that magnificently weird representation of paleolithic art, beast-like, with the face of a man, they ask: "Might [he] not represent the shaman of a human tribe? . . . the very Spirit of the Hunt?" Now, perhaps, the caves *were* sanctuaries, and perhaps not. Perhaps the bisons with shaft-like representations in their flanks *were* magical devices to bring the herd under man's power—but we do not know this except by tenuous inference. And one dislikes finding such strong suggestion that this is the real explanation, in a book that is otherwise so cautious in the general position of the authors.

The principal result of their summer in the Pyrenees more than justified the heavy labor they put into it. For Miss Sawtell and Miss Treat crowned their excavating by the discovery of the first skeleton of an Azilian man. And its physical form suggests that it might belong to the race which was the forerunner of that which overthrew the paleolithic cultures and instituted the neolithic period. However, these considerations are to be published in the scholarly journals. For the general reader, what is told in this book not only suffices, but is just what he wants. Together with information about prehistory and the prehistoric caves of southern France, he will get the thrill of a successful period in the field, and its significance for the furtherance of the brilliant archeological work which has been carried on in that region.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS.

"In Time of Flight"

A Good Woman, by Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes and Company. $2.50.

THE publishers announce "Escape" as the name for the completed series of Louis Bromfield's battle-pictures—all of which present the conflict of the individual with the group—but this last "panel" seems the only one to justify so evasive a title. The Persian poet, to be sure, asserts that "not to hesitate in time of flight is one of the tests of courage," and certainly most of the characters in "The Good Woman" meet that test triumphantly—but hitherto there has been no question at all of flight with the protagonists of Mr. Bromfield's fervid individualism. All of the three previous rebels have been women—the first two victors battle-scarred in their respective struggles, one against the incubus of the Town and its moral squalor, the other against the strangling tentacles of emotional despotism. The third, although a tentative insurgent, is defeated by her own adherence to the ideals of her class, but accepts the sequel to surrender with some degree of steadfastness and stoicism.

Only the "hero" of this final encounter sees salvation in flight, and progresses from the more or less courageous abandonment of his missionary career (undertaken at the behest of his Cromwellian mother—the Good Woman) to the abandonment of his abject and excusably unsavory wife. She, in turn, flies from an intolerable situation with the local evangelist, who also was saddled with a whining and invalid spouse—and only the babies whom Mr. Bromfield somewhat recklessly permits to distract the reader's sympathy are, necessarily, unable to quit. This incidental tragedy of Naomi and the Reverend Mr. Castor is the only successful appeal to pity and horror in the book, and the progress of these forlorn fugitives is an unbroken descent toward the death that, for them, is the only possible escape. Mary Conyngham, the one apparently sturdy and responsible character of the lot (for the nightmère Emma Downes is ineffectual even as a bogey-woman, through her creator's insistence upon her loathsome attributes), catches the contagion, and, leaving her own children to vague "relatives," accompanies Philip's tottering flight to Africa, where a newborn esthetic vision is to receive inspiration from the scene of his missionary fiasco. The procession of fugitives from irksome responsibility becomes a rout, as the book ends in hopeless disorder with Philip's death.

It is doubtless a tribute to Mr. Bromfield's psychological verisimilitude and dramatic sense that his readers are irresistibly drawn into partisanship in his conflicts, and the reviewer plunges headlong into moral judgments instead of bearing forward the literary standard. But, in extenuation, it may be said that the vigor of Bromfield's method has waned with the moral energy of his characters and the dramatic intensity of his situations. The trumpet-note of "Possession" has thinned to the wails emitted by the fleeing victims of "The Good Woman." From a militant prophet of moral independence Bromfield has become a feebly vociferous champion of the feeble-willed, to whom the good is the desire of the moment and the ultimate evil self-sacrifice. With ponderous sarcasm and savage glee he proclaims and reiterates the obvious, and cavorts in heavy-footed irony at the inexhaustible sport of priest-baiting and code-smashing.

The book is "depressing" not only because of the decline of moral significance in the drama and the unsympathetic type of character presented, but because of the dwindling of literary forces which, in Bromfield's earlier work, promised and achieved really monumental construction. The main current of interest trickles out in these indeterminate "escapes," and the reiteration of grievances and excuses is so little in the old vein of confluent and peremptory power that attention and sympathy flag in approaching the denouement that never comes off. It must be owned that, to this reviewer, "escape" was represented most fitly by the 432nd page.

DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

Preludes

Points of View, a Play in Three Acts, by Elizabeth Bibesco. London: Hutchinson and Company. Four shillings, sixpence.

The Painted Swan, a Play in Three Acts, by Elizabeth Bibesco. London: Hutchinson and Company. Four shillings, sixpence.

WHEN an author is as young as Princess Bibesco, whose stories get better and better with each new book that she publishes, five years is a long while, eight years is an age. So "The Painted Swan," written in 1922, is early work, and "Points of View," written in 1919, is what used to be called a "juvenile piece." Should we be able to guess, if we had not been told, that "Points of View" was juvenile? Yes, by the way in which the play is put together, its symmetries and coincidences, and perhaps by one of its subjects. Do you want to know what somebody was like, really like, for example, Jim, Lord Hartom's heir? Look at him first through the eyes of his widow, who did not love him, then through the eyes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of his mistress, who did. Take two points of view, add them together, and the result is bound to be a likeness. A second subject, into which the first disappears, is the friendship springing up between the widow and the mistress, who never met while the man was alive. One does not much believe in either the friendship or the likeness. Both ladies talk too well to be credible. Yet somehow, in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that the smartness and sophistication are laid on pretty thick, "Points of View" is not a bit unfelt. Its sincerity gives it life, of sorts, more life than "The Painted Swan" has, though in the later play the events are not overarranged, and though the will to be clever has been taken from the playwright and given to some of her characters. Here she is seeking, unsuccessfully, for something which the stories she writes nowadays show that she has found, for, in these later stories, sincerity has put wit and sophistication in their place. Again and again she shows us a woman, a silver-point, shutting up or unfolding in a human relation seen critically, or poetically, or both. To imagine these women, one after another and each time differently, newly, with a fresh interest in life, nowadays this seems as easy to Princess Bibesco as wit has been from the first.

P. L.

A Family Affair

The Grandmothers, by Glenway Wescott. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THIS novel has already provoked the annual resuscitation of the words epic and saga; but in the opening pages the writer (behind the thin anagram Alwyn) admits concerning an earlier and similar work that what had seemed "an honest generalization of one family's history, true, perhaps, of America as a whole" is really ridiculous in relation to the actual range and variety of American life as a whole. This humility of attitude, unshared by his critics, protects Mr. Wescott throughout his long and often monotonous chronicle of his family's progress from the time of its pioneer settlement in Wisconsin to the ambiguous present. It begins with a quasi-Proustian reconstruction of the past through deliberately tactile media: daguerreotypes, hair albums, Bibles, keepsakes of a nostalgic grandmother. Then follows a succession of melancholy portraits of all those who played in and around that arduous and vanished life, all those farmers, outlaws, Christians, poets of the Tower family, whose birthright was a grievance. The roster is complete from Uncle Jim the minister who wanted to be a singer, to the hired man who ate skunk. All the destinies are frustrated: the women bid goodbye to their lovers underneath moons that are ever afterwards absent; the men live long enough to forget even that they dreamed. Altogether a magnificent record of failure, a stately elegy on lives too fine for success, but in no real sense a novel. A scheme which gives to each life a chapter and to each chapter the import of the whole permits neither movement nor design. But as autobiography, the book provides a not unworthy complement to "The Education of Henry Adams." The prose, though less spontaneous than in his first novel, is Mr. Wescott's principal accomplishment. He lavishes on the sad and wasted figures in his collection a sort of valedictory elegance, which more than anything else should compensate them for the many losses, the many humiliations.

WILLIAM TROY.

The Reaction to Missions in China

Christian Missions and Oriental Civilizations: A Study in Cultural Contact. The Reactions of Non-Christian Peoples to Protestant Missionaries from the Standpoint of Individual and Group Behavior. Outline, Materials, Problems and Tentative Interpretations. By Maurice T. Price, with an Introduction by Robert E. Park. Shanghai, China (American agent, G. E. Stechert and Company). 578 pages. $3.75.

IN this unique volume we have a new approach to the appreciation of missionary enterprise. A young man, trained in sociology and acquainted with psychology and anthropology, has spent eight years in China, apparently "on his own," without the assistance of anybody. He was neither a missionary nor an enemy of missionaries, and he here presents, not an appreciation of the missionary movement as such, but a study of the interaction of this movement with Chinese attitudes and cultural institutions. The volume is thus a study in group psychology and group relations, and represents the type of inquiry most essential to the eventual determination of world relationships.

One of the most interesting features of the whole picture presented is that, through the intervention of about thirty thousand Christian missionaries, foreign peoples get, not a representation of western civilization, but a religio-magical version of it. The missionary carries with him to China all the apparatus and signs of western civilization—the hospital, the printing press, the school, superior scientific knowledge, superior prosperity, etc., as well as the gospel of Christ, and the Chinese understands that he is getting the picture of western civilization in its true proportions. If he accepts it at all, he will naturally accept it *en bloc*.

It is quite surprising that the author, in his isolation, has kept in close touch with the literature of sociology, anthropology and psychology, and has been able to present here an admirable program for the investigation of racial relations in general, derived from his examination of the interaction of two particular cultures. In the present volume he has presented a large mass of valuable documentary material and has laid the foundation for two additional volumes now in preparation.

W. I. THOMAS.

The Story of a Mystic Trumpeter

Whitman: An Interpretation in Narrative, by Emory Holloway. Alfred A. Knopf: New York. $5.

BY its avoidance of the irrelevant controversies surrounding Whitman's fame, Mr. Holloway's biography comes as a relief. This book, "the result of thirteen years of study and research," has also the high merit of presenting certain creative writings of Whitman's which, so far as I know, have hitherto been inaccessible. Along with some less interesting material of this kind, we have here two superb documents all compact of Whitman's great and refreshing imagination of human existence. The first of these is a letter to his mother, describing his search in the army of the Rappahannock for his wounded brother George, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BORZOI BOOKS

Lives of the Past
The Living Present

O Rare Ben Jonson
By BYRON STEEL

Who, if not youth, should comprehend immortality? A young American's enchanted pen has rescued the great Elizabethan from academic death and restored him to us as a picturesque, profane, and vivid contemporary. $3.00

The Romance of Villon
By FRANCIS CARCO

Translated from the French by Hamish Miles
The Villon of history, extricated from the prettified figure of popular legend—and in the process made actually *more* romantic. *Illustrated.* $5.00

The Promised Land
By LADISLAS REYMONT

The Peasants won Reymont the Nobel Prize for Literature; and that great work is now received as a classic in most modern languages. *THE PROMISED LAND*—a great panorama of the peasant uprooted and exploited in industry—is the other half of Reymont's original conception.
Two volumes boxed, $5.00

Selected Prejudices
By H. L. MENCKEN

The first five volumes of *Prejudices* represented in a one-volume selection painstakingly made by the author himself; the choicest of his aversions and prepossessions. $2.50

Land of the Pilgrims' Pride
By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

A critic of life and letters makes a penetrating examination of recent salient changes in our code of sex morality, and of related subjects. $2.50

On the Steppes: A Russian Diary
By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

A vivid account of present-day conditions in agricultural Russia as the author saw them in 1926. $2.50

Life and the Student
Roadside Notes on Human Nature, Society, and Letters
By CHARLES HORTON COOLEY

Here is a book which the publisher issues with pride and assurance: not because of its author's eminence, but because we believe it contains as much lasting wisdom, expressed with as much dignity and trenchancy, as any American volume whatever—and we do not forget Emerson and Thoreau. $2.50

AT ALL BOOKSHOPS
Publisher Alfred A. Knopf New York
In Canada, from The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto.

his final meeting with him in a scene of Hades where "really nothing we call trouble seems worth talking about." The second document is a simple, characteristic record of his daily sympathy with a neglected and homesick soldier, slowly recovering, a soldier who had been dying, virtually from the brutish indifference, the wholesale, mechanical treatment prostituting human relations in war. I read this story of the soldier aloud to an admirer of Whitman, who exclaimed at once: "Oh—I must have that to keep!" I think every admirer of Whitman will wish to possess this book.

A brief *causerie* on the result of thirteen years' study may not hope to do more than convey a little news concerning the volume's chief excellencies. One is so grateful for these, especially among the recent bone-headed misrepresentations of Whitman, coming from high places, that one hesitates with any qualification of one's pleasure. Yet one's pleasure in the "Interpretation in Narrative" is not entirely unqualified. Mr. Holloway's interpretive course through "Leaves of Grass" is too much like that of one who might regard the Twenty-third Psalm—

> He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
> He leadeth me beside the still waters,

chiefly as practical advice for the conduct of camping parties, and biographical evidence of a camping trip of David's.

The biographer seems to lack esthetic perception and knowledge of the wide, non-literalistic ways of musical communication. Especially the critical sense of the interpretation is strangely deficient in an understanding of the manifold knowledge and subtlety of Whitman's poems on the powers of women. This is the weak side of the volume, which should not deter any reader from enjoying its richer and more sympathetic contributions. The type, page and appearance of the book are suitable and delightful, and its illustrations—especially the West Hills house, and the Mickle Street interior—distinguished, and truly illustrative.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

Contributors

RAY T. TUCKER, formerly Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, is now in the Washington bureau of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

DAVID MORTON is associate professor of English at Amherst College. He is the author of two books of verse, "Ships in Harbor" and "Harvest."

SAMUEL GRAFTON lives in Philadelphia and is an occasional contributor to magazines.

CLARENCE DAY is the author of "This Simian World" and "The Crow's Nest."

AUGUSTA ALPERT, a former student at Columbia and with Professor Koffka, is at present a lecturer for the Child Study Association of America.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS, assistant professor of Anthropology at Northwestern University, is the author of numerous scientific papers in anthropological and sociological journals.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT is a novelist and literary critic. She is the author of "Every One His Own Way," "The Invisible Gods," and other books.

WILLIAM TROY, a graduate of Yale University, is instructor at New York University and a writer on literary subjects.

W. I. THOMAS is President of the American Sociological Society, the author of "Source Book for Social Origins," "The Unadjusted Girl," and "The Polish Peasant in America."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED